

# On the road to Armageddon

THE OPENING of the archives in the Public Record Office to the end of the Second War has naturally led to a relative scramble among contemporary historians to be first with the news, partly because the official plans have done a thorough job, abetted or hindered by the pious of the chief participants, partly perhaps because as A. J. P. Taylor long ago pointed out, Foreigners know few secrets anyway. There is no question now of rewriting history in the sense of correcting recent errors of fact. What can be done is to take a fresh look at a picture: whether standing from it to get a more coherent synoptic view, as Peter Calvocoressi and the late Guy Wint have done in *Total War*; or isolating a single element in the design for scrutiny, as Corelli Barnett does in *The Collapse of British Power*; or placing a single thread on the canvas under microscopic scrutiny, as Peter Dennis has done in *Decision by Default*. All three books derive from the opening of the archives.

The benefit is least obvious in the case of *Total War*, because they give no references and their bibliography is confined to secondary sources. But the knowledge in the introduction to a research assistant, Rosemary Righter, implies something more than the repetition of second-hand facts, which in any case would be characteristic of the two highly talented authors. Mr Dennis's debt to the opening of the archives is obvious from the dates spanned by his scholarly and unpretentious study, the reduction of the period from 50 years to 30, and the revelation of 20 years as a stroke, and they happen to be those of the inter-war period which formed the background to Mr Dennis's study. The same period has contributed substantially to Mr Barnett's much more ambitious and wide-ranging work, his use of the inter-war documents more hasty as well as more thorough. It is curious, for example, though covering the same period, that Mr Dennis, he never mentions the British Government's decision to introduce conscription in 1939, or the Ministry of Defence, which is the central theme of *Decision by Default*.

Details of detail are not only important, because most are already known. What is another effect of the opening of the archives? It has meant that for the first time he is able to take an objective view of the two sides by side, and more to see virtually the whole of the first half of the century in a single continuous narrative. One consequence of the accepted view that the world wars were really a struggle interrupted by an inter-war period, like the Peloponnesian



Total war in Budapest during the Second World War.

War or the wars against Napoleon. Another less obvious revelation is that whereas the First World War was not really a world war at all, the Second World War was a series of scarcely related wars which finally overlapped in the Armageddon of 1945. (These distinctions are particularly well drawn by Mr Calvocoressi and Mr Wint.) Perhaps most interesting of all is the consequence deduced by Mr Barnett: that it no longer makes sense to draw distinctions between war and peace as subjects of history, or between the civil and military potential of a nation.

The word "total" has a special appeal to historians of the latest age. *Total War*, as the authors explain, is intended to describe the "causes" as well as the "courses" of the war; and the latter word is in the plural because there were in fact several wars going on simultaneously, one of which began in 1931, another in 1939, and two more in 1941, though all ended in 1945. But totality means more than a synoptic view of all these struggles. The authors are concerned not only with the campaigns but also with "what happened behind what used to be called 'the lines'". In the same way, Mr Barnett is concerned with "total strategy", which he defines as "encompassing all the factors relevant to preserving or extending the power of a human group in the face of rivalry from other human groups". Lest anyone mistake the meaning of these portentous words, he adds that "from this standpoint, a topic like religion, for example, appears in a perhaps surprising light as a strategic factor of no less significance than first-line air strength". Whereas Mr Dennis is content, accurately and painstakingly, to chart the progress of British governments between the wars from complacency to apprehension to panic desperation, Mr Barnett traces these phenomena to their nineteenth-century origins; and Mr Calvocoressi and Mr Wint even more ambitiously, though on an unencompassed scale, do the same for the United States, the Soviet Union, Germany, China and Japan.

A remarkable paradox emerges by way of conclusion. It is that democracies are much more efficient at waging total war than totalitarian states. Germany never succeeded in mobilizing the whole of its resources for war. In 1942, in fact, Hitler actually started demobilizing, under the mistaken impression that the war was already won. Less well known were the shortcomings of Japanese organization for total war, of which Mr Wint gives a brilliant and original explanation. Although the Japanese had been at war since 1931, they had no plans for a protracted war which they took on the western allies as well as the United States. Even their military was a deeply pessimistic cult. Their economy was even more precarious than that of Great Britain, the one country which (apart from the Empire) had the closest affinity of circumstances with Japan. Their political

PETER CALVOCORESSI and GUY WINT:  
*Total War*  
Causes and Courses of the Second World War  
959pp plus 98 plates. Allen Lane  
The Penguin Press. £6.

CORELLI BARNETT:  
*The Collapse of British Power*  
643pp. Eyre Methuen. £5.

PETER DENNIS:  
*Decision by Default*  
Peacetime conscription and British defence, 1919-39  
243pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.  
£2.25.

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leaders were divided and uncertain: the armed forces were riddled with faction, and rivalry between the army and navy was as intense as in the United States; Japanese imperialism was the most inefficient ever recorded. The only kind of war they were capable of fighting was the knock-out blow. Once Pearl Harbor failed to lead to instant capitulation they fought on the defensive for the rest of the war, spreading fear in order to conceal their own fears. The final phase of horrific despair, symbolized by the kamikaze pilots, is well described by Mr Wint as "the eschatology of war". It is an unfamiliar but convincing reconstruction.

The final scenes in Germany were similar, but strike a more familiar note. Mr Calvoressi and Mr Wint have remarkably well-matched styles, equally crisp, imaginative and economical. It is as if a single historian with an equally specialized knowledge of Europe and Asia, as well as the United States and the Soviet Union, had written the whole book from a single point of view, in fact they treat the European and Pacific campaigns as distinct wars. Although the German war began later and finished earlier than the Japanese war, it is treated first in its entirety, ending with an epilogue barely halfway through the book. The method proves less confusing than might be feared, for the material is tidily organized, the successive themes developed in leisurely and copious detail, and the book ends with a comprehensive chronology of all fronts in parallel columns. Both authors have a keen eye for personalities and striking detail as well as a sense of history and of the foundations of national character. They miss no opportunity of reinforcing pages of well-reasoned analysis with bizarre and significant anecdotes, like Ribbentrop's plan "to arrange a conference with Stalin at which he would shoot Stalin with a specially designed fountain pen", or the Japanese attempt to subvert that well-known oppressed minority among their prisoners of war, the Scots.

What Mr Calvoressi and Mr Wint never quite succeed in explaining, however, is the fact already mentioned, that the Western democracies in the end proved much better at total war than the totalitarian states: in the end, of course, but not at the beginning. Nor does Mr Barnett explain this paradox. Indeed, by confining his study merely to the years before 1940, he

appears minded by implication to refute it. He is a kind of pro-British iconoclast, lamenting the downfall of British power, convinced that it was not inevitable, and contemptuous of the intrinsic qualities which former generations saw as virtues, but which he sees as self-induced defects.

The composition of his book is peculiar. After a short opening chapter describing the catastrophe of 1940, there follow three chapters examining the fundamental weaknesses of the British system. The first, ironically entitled "All That Is Noble and Good", is a devastating criticism of pre-war education, especially in the public schools. Next, Mr Barnett refutes the popular assumption that Britain was "The Greatest Power in the World". On the contrary, as he shows with a mass of evidence from blue books and economic surveys, "England by 1914 was well on the way to becoming a technological colony of the United States and Germany". The belief that the Empire was a source of strength is also exposed as a myth. It might have been, but Britain failed to exploit its potentialities. India was an expensive liability; Canada and South Africa were constant saboteurs of any plans to make the Empire a more effective organization; and so far as the dependent colonies were concerned, there was no economic policy at all. Imperial conferences were merely occasions for exchanging "spongy platitudes". In a memorable phrase, Mr Barnett depicts Britain as standing no longer "with the assured ease of a coquettish, but stuck like a gumboot in a bog".

This gloomy diagnosis forms the prelude to a very long chapter, occupying more than half the book, entitled "Covenants Without Swords". It tells the story of the inter-war years, based on the Cabinet papers and other official sources, and supported by the memoirs and biographies of the chief participants in British political life. The central theme is that it was, in the First World War that undermined Britain's supremacy: it was "the final reckoning for the increasing backwardness and uncompetitiveness of the past sixty years". Britain was ruled between the wars mostly by men educated under a system invented by Dr Arnold of Rugby a century before. Those who had not passed through the public school system, as well as some of those who had, were brought up in

the nonconformist tradition, which was almost as bad. All of them were at heart "high-minded liberals" or "clericalist mandarins"; and many acid sneers could be quoted from Mr Barnett's diatribes to show that for him these are the ultimate terms of abuse. Interlarded with these pre-conceptions, and interpreted in the light of them, are abundant quotations from the Cabinet papers to demonstrate the futility of a government "refulgent with high Victorian ideals". Nor were their errors confined in the years of appeasement of Hitler. Equally crass were the blunders of joining the League of Nations, yielding to the Americans over naval parity, failing to extract more military resources out of the Dominions, negotiating the Statute of Westminster, and throwing overboard Sir Samuel Hoare's perfectly respectable agreement with Laval over Abyssinia. The fault lay where Cessius told Brutus, "not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings".

### Rearmament as the cause of ruin

Mr Barnett's thesis is powerfully and at times overbearing argued. Clearly there is much truth in it; but if it were the whole truth, it would be difficult to account for that "finest hour" which began just when Mr Barnett breaks off, and lasted for over a year of single-minded resistance. His final chapter in fact hints at a quite different explanation of the decline which followed the end of the Second World War. In the last few pages, he describes how the United States took advantage of Britain's desperate predicament in 1940 to impose conditions on economic and military aid which were bound to be ruinous after the war. This bitterly anti-American diagnosis of the problem is again unsatisfactory as a total explanation, but it is at least quite different from the earlier thesis which lays the whole blame on the British educational system.

Moreover, at other times Mr Barnett has glimpses of explanations which are much less simple and much more realistic. As he himself puts it, "the better the British equipped themselves to prosecute the war, the quicker they brought on their economic ruin". The Treasury had in fact pointed out with unanswerable logic, some years before, that it was possible to finance rearmament without economic ruin only if it

were known exactly when the war would break out. In other words, all the cards were stacked in the hands of the aggressor.

No one would lavish extravagant praise on Britain's political leaders during the years between the wars, though Baldwin's reputation now stands much higher than it did. But it is only fair to recognize that the dilemma of preparing to fight a war is insoluble for a democracy when the place and time of the war cannot be of its own choosing. There were of course a few hot-heads who advocated preventive war against Germany even before the seizure of Czechoslovakia; and it is now generally accepted that Britain and France should have gone to war in 1938 at the latest. The men who failed the test of responsibility at that time were certainly short-sighted, but their attitudes were far from being so homogeneous as their critics have made out. Some were weak-willed, but Chamberlain was the very opposite. There were hawks and doves, but by no means all the hawks left the Cabinet with Eden or Duff Cooper; nor were Eden, Churchill and Vansittart so permanently hawkish as their later reputations suggest. More important perhaps, the Cabinet was divided between moralists and pragmatists, and both categories were divided among themselves. On the whole the pragmatists prevailed, though in the end both attitudes pointed to the same conclusion. The shifts and nuances can be more clearly seen in Mr Dennis's minute and painstaking analysis of the records than in Mr Barnett's more dogmatic and colourful sweep over the same ground.

The crux of the story as it emerges from both accounts was the theory of "limited liability" for the British armed forces. Chamberlain adopted it for economic reasons as soon as he became Prime Minister in 1937, and finally abandoned it two years later. The theory presupposed that Britain would never again send a major expeditionary force overseas to fight on the continent of Europe. Our defence would rest on the Navy, the Air Force, and a basically territorial Army. This policy was not one of timid idealism but of hard-headed logic. The fact that it proved a mistaken logic, which had to be revised, does not alter the matter: both the adoption and the revision of the policy were pragmatically based. Mr Dennis clearly brings out the fallacy, which Mr Barnett tends to obscure in a somewhat undigested plethora of extracts

from the official papers. Mr Toen and Robin Fox could not win a war against many without allies (still less against an entire treatise on the bi-expeditionary force were to be the natural allies in Western Europe). Coming in the natural allies in Western Europe, the potential allies in the North Atlantic, the Germans on the one hand, and the Americans on the other, were reduced. Indeed, one changes from which the Air Force alone could not have been contributed many times calculations which led to the conclusion of "limited liability" being in fact a behavioural

Of course there were many other factors. The lurking inside. The reader attempts to tip larger and larger numbers, for instance, into the "Domination" attempts to "discuss" Italy and appease Japan; ties in human behaviour. The "discuss" in this requirement is that even the Russians; and attempts to buy off Hitler's new species of book, but Cabinet records on any written by Desmond Morris. Chamberlain's Cabinet was written by two social psychologists who have called the military partly to the ethological (though Mr Barnett has had and who are able to draw on for Liddell Hart as the pre-ethological information "limited liability"). For mentioning largely unexplored in decisions which later bring works of this kind. The

timely on their heads, do not by any means make rational and thoroughly of the cultural attributes of arguments, even if they fact they go quite a way wrong. The weaknesses in integrating these with their Barnett brutally but ruthlessly of man's inherent capacities were not peculiar repertoire. The concept of Victorian but inhuman infant as a "tabula rasa" and pacific demands justly discarded, yet by the same token, Chamberlain to steer clear of the and his colleagues was instinctively approach. Some representative of the British oversimplifications set out than was Chamberlain, it shows books have been clearly 1940. But the inherent weakness in *The Imperial Animal*, if democracy is only one sign that animal "territory" coin, of which the other is simply equated with human strength displayed from "territory", although both may be wrong, but the certainty that they do not adequately demonstrate that it is a special human feature that properly

may be exchanged. Similarly, it is correctly emphasized that the mother-infant bond is both more obvious and more important than the male-female bond in mammals generally, and in man specifically. Finally, the authors clearly state that their main interest is in the ethological approach to human behaviour, rather than in definitive interpretations of human activities.

*The Imperial Animal* carries an essential stamp of sincerity. Only occasionally do the authors slip into descriptions of human behaviour which tend to mystify rather than clarify. . . . the individuals move with the slowness of creatures knowing that it takes a whole lifetime to live a whole lifetime. The new angles, the overall clarity, and the rich provision of references combine to make this a rewarding book.

In classifying *The Imperial Animal* with the books of Mr Ardrey and Dr Morris, the main criterion is that they contain a free mixture of speculation, anecdote, and scientific fact. With all such books, it is insufficient to insert a word of caution in the preface and in the last chapter. Each page should carry a government warning: "Speculation endangers intellectual health." The disturbing feature is not the recurrent possibility that the authors may be wrong, but the certainty that they do not adequately demonstrate that they are right. Many people freely accept that man has inherited much

# To school with the baboons

LIONEL TIGER and ROBIN FOX:  
*The Imperial Animal*  
308pp. Secker and Warburg. £2.50

from his distant past which must influence the way he acts today. What cannot be accepted, however, is a glib presentation of custom-built hypotheses in the guise of careful scientific demonstration of what man has inherited, and how this inheritance expresses itself. The main lesson of ethology is not the fact that man and baboons behave in fundamentally the same ways, but that the same techniques may be used for the objective study of both baboon and human behaviour. *The Imperial Animal* is a mixture of ethological and ethographic anecdotes, generalizations from baboon to human behaviour, and miscellaneous untested interpretations. It bears the same relationship to a serious scientific study of human behaviour that science fiction bears to actual lunar exploration.

As with other books of this genre, great value is placed on the timely anecdote. The authors back up their questionable thesis that human political status is related to reproductive success, for instance, with the following anecdote: "King Ismail of Morocco (1672-1727) is said to have fathered 1,056 children from 'countless' concubines and wives." One isolated case is of little value as evidence, and it should rarely be sup-

ported with some hard demonstration of paternity. However, the greatest weakness of anecdotal "evidence" is illustrated by a similar anecdote:

Sultans have been known to have hundreds of wives and never to have copulated with any of them. Shaka Zulu had one hundred wives but only one son, while many men have had great and widespread copulatory success without either becoming demagogues or even marrying.

Quite. An extension of the anecdotal approach lies in the listing of operational parallels between animal and human behaviour. Similarity of appearance does not necessarily imply similarity of mechanism, and it is highly misleading to infer that where men and baboons behave in the same way they must have homologous behavioural mechanisms. This is, of course, possible—but it has to be demonstrated. By the same token, it is insufficient to list "universal" features of human behaviour as proof of their inherited basis.

Overall, it is surprising how well the authors are acquainted with popular versions of ethology and the better-known data on primate behaviour. Conversely, it is surprising that two social anthropologists could not have provided more ethnographic information to support a treatise on human behaviour. After all, in book on the behaviour of any animal

species is usually provided with masses of relevant observational material. In this work, however, there is as much information about the behaviour of baboons as about the behaviour of *Homo sapiens*. This unfortunate fact is all the more important because the authors seem to believe that the word "baboon" is interchangeable with the word "primate". They state, for example: "The death rate among four-year-old primate males is high during the breeding season." And elsewhere: "When primate groups get too big they split up into two groups, usually of about equal size." Both of these statements and many others, refer to the savannah baboon and not to primates in general. It must be remembered that the ancestors of the baboons became separated from the ancestors of men some 35 to 45 million years ago. Some primates, such as chimpanzees, are far more closely related to man, yet the authors scarcely refer to the available data on chimpanzee behaviour.

Despite its faults, *The Imperial Animal* is well worth reading—critically. Although the authors are primarily concerned with manipulating ideas—rather than with providing sound evidence for their arguments—some of the ideas are extremely stimulating. It is perhaps the first time that a book of this kind has seriously attempted to relate the complex cultural features of mankind to man's inherent biological nature, and the authors deserve full credit for this attempt. They have at least shown that it is not obligatory to discuss human cultural and biological attributes as two entirely separate realms. For this very reason, the book is likely to provoke an even stronger reaction from some social anthropologists than *The Naked Ape*; it threatens the dilemma that human behaviour is utterly unique and unrelated to animal behaviour. But as Tiger and Fox so aptly state at the end of their book: "To those who think that the law of gravity interferes with their freedom, there is nothing to say."

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## Views on Jews

JACQUES PETIT:  
Bernanos, Bloy, Claudel, Péguy  
Quatre écrivains catholiques face à Israël  
268pp. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 23fr.

It is no longer either popular or plausible to talk about the Jewish question; there is a onblem of the state of Israel, which is another matter. Yet at the turn of the century there were reasons why the place of Jews in society, and their role or vocation in the history of the world, should have preoccupied certain Catholic writers. They regarded them in different ways, though from the same initial standpoint of ardent Christian belief; and their conclusions, often paradoxical, are brilliantly analysed in Jacques Petit's essay. The prophet of anti-Semitism—a label that cannot be attached to Péguy, but not without serious qualification to Claudel or Bloy—was Drumont, whose *La France juive* was as unreadable as it was widely read. Only Bernanos, in *La grande peur des évangélistes*, gave it a dubious literary passport; Claudel and Bloy treated its venomous "elucidations" with the contempt they deserved.

These writers differed in their approach according as they viewed the Jews *sub specie temporis* or *sub specie aeternitatis*. Behind the three horrible old men he had seen squinting on the pavement in Hünburg, Bloy saw the patriarchs of Israel. For him, as for Claudel, the synagogue was blinded—as the statue in Strasbourg depicts it—but the bandages would be removed in the fullness of time, when time itself would have an ending. The Dreyfus affair, which called upon all four men to stand up and be counted, was for Bloy and Claudel no more than a milestone on the road to apocalypse. For Bernanos, as for Drumont, whose fenchel he had only too thoroughly imbibed, it stood as yet another example of the "conquête juive". Behind it was the national humiliation of Sedan, the Jewish invasion of society, the Jewish hegemony in high finance, and the racing colours of Baron Hirsch flying over the Jockey Club. Bernanos' anti-Semitism was mollified as the hectoring of Auschwitz spoke as eloquently as the *grands châtiments sous la lune*, but it was too ingrained to be totally exorcised. The Jews were a ferment in society as disturbing as he was himself; they wandered as far and as wide; they

shared a similar sentiment of exile; and they were as inextricably mixed. Where the Jews were active in revolution, Claudel, as always, was with "tous les Jupiters contre tous les Prométhées"; in so far as they were in the seats of big business, he found it easy to provide *l'argent* with a spiritual equation. Claudel was always at home in the Old Testament. There are only two Jewish characters in his plays—Sichel and Haberichs in *Le pain dur*—and M. Petit shows how they illustrate the ambivalence of the dramatist's approach. The Jews cannot be assimilated, and they cannot be dispensed with; they are a necessity and a nuisance; they have been chosen, and they live under the curse of their own mistaken choice.

When the state of Israel came into being Claudel welcomed it as a kind of halfway-house towards the reconciliation of Jew and Gentile in a cosmic harmony. His friend, Louis Massignon, had quite different views; and M. Petit would have put us even further in his debt if he had found the space to expound them.

Of the four writers here studied and compared through their writings on the subject, Péguy will have the most appeal in the modern reader. He was the only proclaimed Dreyfusard among them, seeing the mystic of the great affair incarnate in the prophetic figure of Bernard Lazare. Péguy was neither irritated by the Jews, like Bernanos, nor alternately perplexed and fascinated by them, like Claudel and Bloy. He did not torture himself with exegesis in order to prove that their role in history was at once salvatory and finisive. He merely compared the long line of Hebrew prophets to an avenue of poplars leading to the octagonal chateau of Christendom, and Bernard Lazare, for all his atheism, had his place among them. Péguy alone saw the Dreyfus affair as a great crisis of conscience, in which the society of his time could lose its soul or save it.

Much of what the other three wrote about the Jews was rendered otiose by the declaration of Pius XI that "spiritually we are all Semites", and by the subsequent exculpations of the Second Vatican Council. But M. Petit has rendered a notable service by showing how previous attitudes, even when they were inspired by antipathy, have changed the perspective in which the mystery of Israel is regarded by the Church to which these writers belonged.

## Porn or panto?

JULIET MCMMASTER:  
Thackeray  
The Major Novels  
230pp. Manchester University Press. £3.

At Christmas, 1854, M. A. Tilmarch brought out *The Rose and the Ring*, "a freside pantomime for great and small children". In the naugorists, Betinda, wail and lady's maid, is recognized by an aged woodman as Rosalba, lawful Queen of Crim Tartary. Of the woodman's unnumbered children about to sup, two are depicted in Tilmarch's illustration of the scene: a boy brandishing a table-knife and a girl with the porringer from which Rosalba is to be fed with bread-and-oil.

"The sexual symbolism of the knife and bowl is probably not accidental," writes Juliet McMaster, "for Thackeray frequently made his backgrounds allegorically significant. If this means anything it can only mean, in the final analysis, that Thackeray was consciously flushing porn, soft or hard, among Victorian children, great or small. It seems unlikely.

To do her justice, Mrs McMaster does alert her readers to the danger of seeing all Thackeray's characters as Oedipuses and Electras, but the caveat is little more than perfunctory. She believes that Freudian

psychology would have had "surprisingly little" to teach Thackeray: he outdistanced Freud, being "as perceptive about the parent as the child, as interested in the Jocasta and the Agamemnon as in the Oedipus and the Electra." Bless thee, Sigmund, thou art defeated.

It has long been uphill work for scholars who seek to restore Thackeray to the eminence he seems to them, to deserve. The trouble has been, and still is, that there is no definite consensus that he deserves more than he gets. Mrs McMaster has done her best. Except in the matter of Freudian psychology, most already convinced Thackerayans will go along with her praises, and many will find that she has much to teach them; but this painstaking analysis of the major novels will hardly convert the unconvinced. The very scheme on which the book is built—each novel regarded as illustrative of one aspect of the Thackerayan whole ( *Vanity Fair* for "narrative technique", *Pendennis* for "tone and theme", *Esmond* for "moral ambiguity"...)—militates against appreciation of the "oneness" that critics had begun only a few years ago to recognize in his art. Thackeray will need a champion more urbane and less academic. The work attacks too much of the dissection and too much of the dissection and too much of the dissection, and too much of the dissection, and too much of the dissection.

With these two novels and the best of his short stories, Verga brought to Italian literature a poetic vision of a life of harsh realities unrelieved by

## Discovering the DDR

FRITZ J. RADDATZ:  
Traditionen und Tendenzen  
Materialien zur Literatur der DDR.  
694pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM38 (paperback), DM241.

The very first word of this study's title suggests that although the literature of East Germany is a literature in its own right, it must be seen as the product of various traditions which are older than the country itself. What these traditions are and what tendencies and *Tendenzen* in the political sense) the literature of the German Democratic Republic betrays are the issues Fritz Raddatz investigates in this critical *Materialienbuch*: a most useful collection of studies of individual writers, well documented by liberal quotations from literature and criticism, and supported by 250 pages of footnotes, short biographies and bibliographical data.

Although he does not forgo judgments—either in his selection of what writers to include or in his accounts of them—Raddatz is primarily concerned with the more modest task of presenting information about a relatively unknown literature. He offers so much material, in fact, that there is bound to be a lot here for the aficionado and the uninitiated alike. Nevertheless, in many ways Raddatz's approach suffers from an *exhaustion de richesse*. While it has so much to offer—opening up, but seldom exploring, so many avenues of approach and showing such a range of reference—the reader may be left wishing that the author had processed more of his own material. For *Traditionen und Tendenzen* is an uneven achievement, revealing certain inefficiencies of organization and problems of emphasis which even its tentative format cannot disguise.

Having rather arbitrarily divided his writers into poets, novelists and dramatists, Raddatz quite often proceeds to concentrate on the poetry of a writer primarily considered as a novelist or, at moments of apparent diffidence, retreats into a surfeit of quotations from a poet's minor works of fiction or from secondary literature instead of doing justice to his main poetic achievements. The fiction of Franz Pfaffmann and Louis Fühmann, both killed here as novelists, is unduly displaced by their poetry; Johannes R. Becher's diaries take up an inordinate space in relation to the account of his verse; and Stephan Hermlin's poems seem rather ousted by the discussion of a short story entitled "Die Kommandeure" and the debate which followed it in the periodical *Neue Deutsche Literatur*.

Raddatz is clearly more at ease, and more rewarding, when discussing fiction or the fluctuations of literary politics. He admittedly tries to compensate for his shortcomings in the poetry sections by documenting at great length the reception of East German poetry at the hands of the GDR establishment, and by stretching the notion of "Maoism" to include verbatim various mediocre critical opinions. We often sense here more of the literary climate than the quality of the literature itself. A brief glance at Peter Huchel's poem "Winterpsalm", for example, is followed by the statement that "Hans Mayer has analysed this poem dedicated to August commentary, we are given, and the brief chapter on Huchel, two paragraphs from Mayer's analysis. Documentation, no less; but alas, no more.

The proletarian side of East German literature is played down in general, as it was in Raddatz's collection of theoretical documents, *Marxismus und Literatur*. The resultant perspective is biased towards intellectual socialism, rather "literary", and a little too unsympathetic to the heritage of the Proletkult at times. While there is no reason why the investigation should show a view of literature which subordinates it to political purposes, it ought to devote more space to such writing as a phenomenon, one taking very dis-

tinct problems of reaction and assessment. And the same holds for the proletarian tradition. Raddatz's discussion of Erwin Strittmatter's work and also the recent "literature of reassurance" (congratulating the little man on his achievements to date) leaves much to be desired in this connection.

Georg Lukács is seen as a key figure for the understanding of the development of East German literature, not only because of his decisive role in the Moscow debates of the 1930s, ensuring the spontaneity of certain vulgar forms of realism as he did, but also for more complex political reasons. The government-inspired "Schriftsteller-an-die-Basis" movement of the late 1950s, with its urge to bring literature into closer contact with its material roots—the subject of the First Bitterfeld Conference of 1959 where the workers were urged to take up the pen and the writers to move on in the factory floor—was to some extent an express reaction against Lukács's revisionism. Although it is an oversimplification to accept this movement solely within these stated terms, as Raddatz tends to (He even notes, without drawing any clear conclusion from the point, that Otto Gotsche—whose brand of realism Lukács had attacked in the periodical *Litkritik* in the 1930s—was Ulbricht's secretary at the time of Bitterfeld.)

But whether or not the "Bitterfeld Way" can be reduced to this kind of cultural politics or whether the whole proletarian background has to be taken more into account than it is here is something Raddatz seldom considers. The omission of any serious discussion of Eduard Claudius's sagas of the factory and the collective farm, of Jurek Hrežan's regional novels, and, most significantly, of anything by Hans Marchwitz, the old workhorse and show

## Meridional gloom

ALFRED ALEXANDER:  
Giovanni Verga  
240pp. Grant and Cutler. £3.85.

Translated with enthusiasm by D. H. Lawrence, the work of Giovanni Verga is none the less, half a century after his death in 1922, little known or appreciated in this country. Yet this is perhaps no more than a prolonged reflection of his fate in his own country during his lifetime. An Italian public more attracted by the extravagances of D'Annunzio preferred to ignore the bleak realism of Verga's portrayal of his native Sicily.

Verga served his literary apprenticeship in the glittering salons of Florence and Milan, and enjoyed a measure of success with a series of sentimental romantic novels of aristocratic life in these two mainland cities. But he never lost contact with the Sicilian landscapes of his childhood and youth, and his major artistic preoccupation was to be the five-part *Cycle of the Drowned*, of which only two volumes were finished.

Like his short stories of the same period, the cycle begins with the portrayal of the harsh, unattractive, day-to-day life of the Sicilian peasants, to whom through his female pessimism, he felt so close. In *I Malavoglia*, against the inhospitable background of a sea which offers a measure of livelihood and threatens sudden death, the family of Padron "Ntoni" Malavoglia clings blindly to its primitive way of life and is all but swept away by financial ruin, death, and ultimately by the survivors' unalterable, proverbial faith in the family unit itself. In *Maurotello* the peasant family to a social level never envisaged by the Malavoglias, is equally destroyed by his faith in his own wealth and ambition, which prove an illusory shield against social disaster.

With these two novels and the best of his short stories, Verga brought to Italian literature a poetic vision of a life of harsh realities unrelieved by

figures of East Germany's rural tradition, creates an AYEIT: rian imbalance in a work pelt to offer some conspectus of traditions and tendencies whole literature. At the same time, understanding this feature of the literary tradition, Raddatz strongly his thesis that the East German fiction overtook the socialist traditions of the

There are other notes his previous two books on writers who deserve comes in the history of philosophy, brief mention: Wolfgang Ione is at least as illuminating as Herbert Nachbar in the of A. J. Ayer's own views as Novak and Christin Reil, but those of Russell that are began writing in the East under discussion. In this moved to the West. Albeit alone, Professor Ayer is a influence on the drama of representative of the tradition is underestimated. If *The Oxford philosophy*, the works and *Tendenzen* makes no earlier philosophers are not so comprehensive, it is explored in a patient, scholarly intended, despite its for novel insights as exploited quality, to provide a balance toward one's own treatment of the material involved we now recognize to be the does not, it has an obligingness of philosophy. Note the reader to indicate its position, since Professor Ayer's own view of the more reason, philosophy is very closely akin to lament certain limitations of his, he does give a competent, cially an under-estimation of, and impartial exposition of the tradition of a Russell's theories across the whole

ture though in the GDR out of his philosophy. Soviet Union) but also Russell consists of five chapters, relevance of the basis—first is a résumé of Russell's model to the book's model, distilled for the most part from premises. We have long *Autobiography*. The last chapter sums of various features: a brief exposition of Russell's superstructure (the linguistic views on ethics, politics, and atom of East and West (Ginn); Professor Ayer's discussion the ideological debates of these views is minimal, and his half-century, and the proletarian perfunctory. The middle erated by party organs and chapters are the heart of the programmes on writers' work. They treat Russell's philosophy; but little consideration of logic, his theory of knowledge, material conditions and the, and his conception of reality, direct effect on, and degree, where his own interests lie, literature on the other, Professor Ayer shifts the balance for all its indiscretion and by from exposition to discussion hook is likely to be an criticism. And here must be milestone in the gradual and whatever there is of perma- of East German writing. it value in this book.

Professor Ayer's analysis of Rus-

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When assembling his array of letters, Dr Alexander is knowledge and love of Verga's mind Verga's reply to a request his autobiography "I am a self-writer" talking about himself." Giovanni Verga is an English biography of Verga we now need is the first critical

## Russell in résumé

well's theses has both the strength and the weaknesses that might be expected from his sharing Russell's general preconceptions about the nature and proper procedure of philosophy. The main strength is that he takes Russell's views seriously and analyses them in detail. The weakness is that we get no synoptic view or stringent general criticism of Russell's philosophical activities. This is surprising. Professor Ayer, in the guise of a radical young logical positivist, would have found greatly defective Russell's "old-fashioned" view that the business of philosophy is to advance theories that are distinguished from those in science by their greater generality.

Now, after forty years of hard use, his Viennese veneer is wearing thin, exposing the carcase of British empiricism that has always lain just beneath. He argues that the physical world should be postulated as the best explanation for the course of our sensory experiences and that the existence of the past is a hypothesis well supported by the data available to us in the present. Curiously, he supposes that at least the first of these views is consistent with Russell's programme of substituting logical constructions for inferred entities wherever possible. Finally, he shares with Russell the conviction that philosophers should heed the findings of scientists in constructing their own theories. None of these views would be acceptable to a large corps of modern philosophers, and a less sympathetic critic would have made more strident objections.

There is another distinctive feature of Professor Ayer's account. He

thinks that the primary force shaping Russell's philosophy is his concern with ontology, i.e. the answer to the question "What really exists?" On this ground, he argues that Russell is right in thinking that every question or inquiry is ultimately philosophical. For, in order to know that this table exists, I must know already that physical objects exist, and this is an ontological presupposition. This is a misconception of Russell's work. Russell, as he himself avows, was most strongly influenced by Moore. And Moore notoriously used a paradigm-case argument in discussing knowledge of physical objects. It is just because I can know that I know that physical objects exist. Such knowledge, far from presupposing the truth of general ontological claims, is what must be used to establish these claims. Surely Russell follows Moore in this respect. For Russell, the basis of philosophy is not ontology, but the theory of knowledge. What worries him is whether it is certain that this table exists. And on answer to this question must ultimately be philosophical because the reasons that cast doubt on this particular claim to knowledge could equally be brought to bear against any claim to know the existence of any physical object. What determines the shape of Russell's philosophy is Cartesian scepticism, just as he states. Indeed, even Professor Ayer recognizes this point in noting that Russell's justification for fidelity to Occam's razor is that it reduces the risk of error.

Nor is Professor Ayer's account free of more minor mistakes. He

denies that Russell adhered to the thesis of the identity of indiscernibles in 1911-12 and states that he came to see it to be true only "many years later". Russell, however, defined the concept of identity in *Principia* in 1910 by making use of this principle, and he was criticized by Wittgenstein for adhering to it. Professor Ayer accords points to P. F. Strawson's account of definite descriptions in preference to Russell's on the basis of the fallacious argument that it allows us to count a statement as true even though its intended subject is designated by a false description, but on Professor Ayer's own notes, we must automatically rule a statement to be truth-valueless, neither true nor false, in such a case.

Finally, Professor Ayer is too ready to accept at face value Russell's acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Wittgenstein in developing his theory of logical atomism. The introduction by D. F. Pears to his edition of Russell's lectures on logical atomism is a good guide to the profound differences that separated Wittgenstein and Russell. This is an important supplement to Professor Ayer's more general work, and it contains an excellent analytical bibliography of Russell's writings.

Undoubtedly Professor Ayer's book is the best available short exposition of Russell's philosophy, and, not coincidentally, of his own views as well. And, as one might expect of the work of someone whose reputation so largely rests on his ability to write elegant and lucid prose, *Russell* is a pleasure to read.

## Wittgenstein on Freud

ALICE AMBROSE and MORRIS LAZAROWITZ (Editors):  
Ludwig Wittgenstein: Philosophy and Language  
325pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.25.

The literature on Wittgenstein continues to grow, and, not surprisingly, more and more of it is banal or repetitious. The present collection of essays, which deals almost entirely with Wittgenstein's later period, can be read through with profit only by those new to the subject. Commentators would be well advised to be more selective in their reading of the book. Alice Ambrose's recollections of her experiences as a student of Wittgenstein have considerable anecdotal interest. R. L. Goodstein's appraisal of Wittgenstein's views about Gödel's theorem and about mathematical induction are an important contribution to the understanding of the subject. Also Alice Ambrose gives a much-needed explanation of Wittgenstein's paradoxical assertion that arithmetical propositions say nothing about numbers. Perhaps the most intriguing contribution is an essay by Charles Hanly entitled "Wittgenstein on Psychoanalysis".

Wittgenstein once informed a disciple that he had been "greatly impressed" by Freud's work. He went on to caution the disciple,

unless you think very clearly psychoanalysis is a dangerous and foul practice, and it does no end of harm and, comparatively, very little good. (If you think I'm an old spinner—think about it!) All this of course doesn't detract from Freud's extraordinary scientific achievement.

But in some respects at least Wittgenstein's ideas on the subject seem to have been rather superficial. He thought that people credited psychoanalytic interpretations and theories for two reasons. First, they have a craving for the uncanny which causes them to be charmed by the idea of unconscious memories, fantasies and impulses. Secondly, they have a craving for the iconoclastic, which causes them to be charmed by psychoanalysis because it opposes social taboos and prejudices regarding sexuality. But he did not

make any attempt to assess the objective validity of psychoanalytic explanations for his own explanatory hypotheses. Moreover, about the acceptance of psychoanalytic theory, says Mr Hanly, he had no empirical evidence, nor did he seem to feel the lack of it.

This Wittgenstein saw psychoanalysis as a form of persuasion, and as a result he assimilated psychoanalytic method to his own philosophical method. In particular he thought that Freud's major contribution was the taxonomy of mental phenomena, "the enormous field of psychical facts which he arranges". He saw Freud's scientific achievement as being one of description rather than explanation, and Freud's clinical achievement as being one of persuasion rather than diagnosis. Mr Hanly compares what Wittgenstein once said of his own method of analysis in philosophy:

I am in a sense making propaganda for one style of thinking as opposed to another. I am honestly disgusted with the other. Also I'm trying to state what I think. Nevertheless I'm saying: "For God's sake don't do this."

Wittgenstein was also struck by Freud's view that dreams are meaningful. He recognized two criteria, as did Freud, for the right interpretation of dreams, viz. what the analyst says or predicts, on the basis of his previous experience, and what the dreamer is led to by free association. But then he says of these two criteria: "it would be queer to claim (as Freud seems to) that they must always coincide"—while in fact Freud never made such a claim or even seemed to do so. Yet Wittgenstein also claimed a bizarre capacity for free association which might establish the coincidence of these two criteria. If anyone could properly lay claim to such a capacity, he claimed that he spontaneously produced in himself the association with Freud's dreams reported by Freud and confirmed Freud's interpretations by arriving at the same results as those Freud reaches in his analysis. But according to Freud such associations arise out of a man's personal pattern of instinctual development and the vicissitudes in his life experience. So

on Freud's view it is just not possible for one person to reproduce genuinely the free associations of another's dream. Hence, says Mr Hanly, Wittgenstein's thought experiment must have been a psychologically artificial process guided by inferential thinking—a psychodynamically spurious form of interpretation and one governed, claims Mr Hanly, by a wish to identify with Freud for the purpose of taking over his discoveries.

What Mr Hanly certainly establishes is that Wittgenstein's interpretation of Freud is incorrect or inconsistent in several important respects. (Whether his own explanation of this misinterpretation is correct is another matter.) One has the impression that Wittgenstein was at his best when talking about nameless philosophies and the confusions they get into. No doubt, that kind of glove does fit somewhere, sometimes, and on some hands, and that is all that matters.

But when he talked about other subjects, or about non-philosophers, one cannot help wishing that he had submitted himself more often to the discipline of citing chapter and verse or of checking the authenticity of his descriptions. For this would have helped to clarify his ideas not only about the similarities and differences between psychoanalysis and Wittgensteinian philosophy, but also about the relation between linguistics and philosophy. For example, though he often talked about grammar and grammatical rules he seems never to have paid any close and detailed attention to the problem of defining these concepts or to the rival schools of linguistic theory about them.

*Reason and Reality* (243pp. Macmillan, £3.95) is the fifth volume to be published in the series of Royal Institute of Philosophy lectures. It is concerned not directly with contemporary topics in Anglo-Saxon philosophy, but with reconsidering errors or defects in philosophers of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, from Descartes, to T. H. Green. Among the contributions, P. T. Geach writes on Spinoza, W. H. Walsh on Hume, D. W. Hamlyn on Schopenhauer and G. R. Parkinson on Hegel. The book has a foreword, linking the essays together, by G. N. A. Vesey.

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## Chatto & Windus



# Nothing to do but torture each other

BRUCE HAMILTON:

*The Light Went Out*  
The Life of Patrick Hamilton  
195pp. £3.50.

PATRICK HAMILTON:  
*Hungover Square*  
A Story of darkest Earth Court  
280pp. £1.90.  
*The Slaves of Solitude*  
242pp. £1.90.  
Consable.

The life of Patrick Hamilton might be a textbook case of psychological inadequacy. His father Bernard, the son of a Scottish rector, inherited £100,000 from his mother when he was twenty-one. On the same day he met in the Empire promenade a prostitute, whom he married, and tried unsuccessfully to reclaim. Bernard Hamilton became a novelist (the extraordinary alternative opening sentences of his book, *Conscience*, are quoted here), a traveller and London clubman, a barrister, a glib talker mostly about religion. He married again, this time the daughter of a "fashionable scientist", who was also making a second marriage. The marriage was not happy, but it lasted, and it produced three children of whom Patrick, born in 1904, was the youngest.

Without ever being positively harsh to his children, Bernard Hamilton tried to order their lives with a military strictness based on his own experience as a commissioned officer during the First World War. Bruce Hamilton reproduces part of a letter written by his father to Patrick, who was studying shorthand away from the family home at Chiswick:

On Sabbath mornings you will sit, regularly, under the minister of the Scots Presbyterian Church near St Pancras. This is a *parade*. You will then proceed to Chiswick, reporting for dinner at one o'clock, military time—i.e. five minutes early.

Bruce Hamilton tells several stories of his father's passion for self-dramatization. In one walk about the West End with Patrick he asked a beggar sporting medals, "What's your regiment?" "I don't know," he said. "I don't want any medals," he said. "I'm an author myself, so I don't want any medals," he said. "I'm an author myself, so I don't want any medals," he said. "I'm an author myself, so I don't want any medals," he said.

Bernard Hamilton died in 1930, having at last run through all his money. The effect of his personality upon that of his younger son was profound. In his early twenties Patrick, too, fell in love with a prostitute. During the course of the affair he did not go to bed with her, but emotionally he suffered a great deal. "She played hell with her arse but still relatively innocent and impecunious lover, taking all and giving nothing... reducing him to a condition of helpless despair rarely broken by moments of delicious happiness." He was never able to achieve a happy emotional relationship with any woman. His first marriage to Lois Martin lasted for more than twenty years, although he was "quite unable to manage a satisfactory sexual relation" with her. His second, to "La", a sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury, lasted until his death in 1962, but it was marked by incessant quarrels, so that he moved from La to Lois, and then back to La again.

Bernard had been at times a heavy drinker. Patrick became a compulsive one. There were external reasons for this, among them the after-effects of a car accident, which left him with a withered arm and permanent scars on his face. But it was surely inward pressures that led to his consumption of three bottles of whisky a day. He took cures, but their effects were only temporary. The deflating, together with the strain of the disastrous second marriage, paralysed his will and greatly weakened his dedication and ability as a writer.

Near the end, in significant ways, he became his father. During a visit to a variety theatre, unable to sit still, Patrick went to the bar and began to talk to the woman serving drinks. "Of course, I know this theatre well. I've had several plays of my own on here," he said, and repeated it again and again. His brother, remembering their father's remark in *Hatchard's*, comments: "After nearly forty years, a full cycle had been completed. This was where we had come in."

Bruce Hamilton has told the story of his brother's life with a tact and sensitivity that does not exclude frankness. The links between the brothers were deep and strong, from their joint discovery of Keats and Shelley (they played a game of writing competitive sonnets), through the period of Patrick's immense success as dramatist and novelist, to the dark years at the end. Bruce Hamilton is himself a novelist less well known than he should be—*Pro* is one of the very few novels about cricket worth reading—but this moving memoir is probably the best thing he has written. It is worth reading as a tragedy of much human interest, but of course it would not have been published if Patrick Hamilton had been regarded as, in his brother's words, "one of the major novelists and most considerable playwrights of his time". He is not so regarded today, and these handsome reissues of *The Slaves of Solitude* and *Hungover Square*, together with the biography, offer the chance to reconsider the question: how good a writer was Patrick Hamilton?

The plays and the novels have to be judged by different standards. J. B. Priestley, who provides an introduction to both novels, by an introduction (much of economy, the same introduction) is surely right in saying that the successful plays, *Rope* and *Gravitation*, are not in the same class as the best of the novels. They are theatrically effective thrillers, but *Rope* in particular now seems jarringly superficial in its interpretation of the Leopold-Loeb case. Two of his radio plays, *To the Public* and *Maney with Attitudes*, are a different matter. As a playwright Hamilton was conventional, but working in the still comparatively undeveloped medium of radio, he used its possibilities and limitations with brilliant inventiveness. In their deepening of tension with the utmost economy of means, very often through the silences between speeches, these short plays remain models of their kind.

They also indicate Hamilton's obsession with the persecution of one human being by another, and his concern with sexual frustration. One of the radio plays is about the mental torture inflicted on a middle-aged businessman by a schoolfellow whom he has bullied mercilessly in his childhood, another about a man savagely baited for his attempt to behave decently after the car in which he is travelling has a cyclist, a third (*Callers Anonymous*) about the exercise of power through obscene telephone calls. The persecution theme is prominent in the two stage plays, together with an unstressed homosexuality in *Rope*.

All this surely reflects some defeat or inhibition suffered by Hamilton himself. The picture of him at twenty-seven reproduced here shows a face strikingly innocent and unformed. The eyes behind the round spectacles seem to be wisely looking for some kind of certainty, a certainty which in the realm of ideas he sought for momentarily in the work of Nietzsche, and later by adherence to a simplistic Marxism and in patently false belief in the Soviet Union. In this he resembled his friend and fellow-drinker of infinite promise John Davenport, who was also perhaps looking for a general certainty to offset particular personal doubts.

For Hamilton the certainties, such as they were, provided no release from the failure of his sexual life. His brother says that *The Midnight Bell*, the best book in his trilogy about London pub life, told in fiction the story of his equivalent to the prostitute with whom he fell in love, but this theme is more significantly

repeated in *Hungover Square*, in the subjection of George Harvey Bone to the atrocious Nella.

He was in the best sense an adolescent writer, delighting in the final scene when the villain gets his comeuppance. Such scenes, and also the preliminaries during which the decent character is endlessly baited and persecuted, he envisaged with great power. He seems to have associated happiness with his own early life, and again and again he returned both in life and in fiction to Hove, where part of his childhood had been spent. Too little has been made of Hamilton's concern with crime—this little, because this is what gives power to his work—but it is possible also to make too much. The quality of sentimental or factitious humour is also strong, given force by Dickensian rhetorical flourishes and repetitions.

And, as Mr Priestley perceptively says, "he is above all the novelist of the *housewife*". His people meet in bars, live in flats or bed-sitting rooms, have little past and no cheerful future. Hamilton understood such people, people unable to accommodate themselves to society not because they were rebels against it but from sheer incompetence, better than any novelist of his time or ours. The two novels chosen for republication are almost certainly his finest work (although the novels about his sadistic villain-herc Ernest Ralph Gorse have a glumly proper, unacknowledged either by his brother or by Mr Priestley, and their particular quality rests in the ability to interpret the feelings of those who live outside the awareness of most novelists).

*The Slaves of Solitude* was published in 1947. It deals with a group of characters enduring the war in a boarding house at Thames Lockdown, which "bears a rough geographical and external resemblance to Henley-on-Thames". The treatment of the war is marginal with great skill. It merely enters the story directly, but is seen as a background presence almost actively malignant, a force that,

while packing the public places tighter and tighter, was slowly, cleverly, month by month, week by week, day by day, emptying the shelves of the shops—sneaking cigarettes from the tobacconists, sweets from the confectioners, paper, pens, and envelopes from

## Pick of the pops

CLAUDE COCKBURN:  
*Bestseller*  
182pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £2.50.

Cutting the high literary cake, every old Marxist knows that the real index of mass taste is not the novel which commands a full-page review in the TLS but the best-seller which seeds itself without any cultural assistance. This is true even of the Soviet Union, where the public is allowed to choose only from what the Party thinks fit. Jack London, the American Boy Socialist, is as popular with the communists as he was with the Nazis. But the toiling masses of the Soviet Union do not read *The Iron Heel*, his political tract. *The Call of the Wild*, that romantic escape from a brutal "civilization", is as popular there as it is in the decadent United States sixty-five years ago.

This is one of the paradoxes which bewilder sociological students such as Claude Cockburn. In this selection of "The Books that Everyone Read, 1900-1939", he comes up with brilliant analyses of why whatever it is—*The Garden of Allah*, *Walter Cowan*, *The Sheik* or *Beau Geste*—was written at that particular moment in history and why it happened to hit the jackpot. But over and over again, Mr Cockburn is forced to record that the best-seller of thirty years ago or more is still in print and selling merrily away.

What is the explanation of the persistence over decades of romances which at the time of

the stationers, lit from the hand-woven stories, wood from the shapers, glycerine from the chemists, spilt and beer from the public-houses, and so on endlessly, while at the same time gradually removing crickery from the refreshment bars, railings from familiar places, means of transport from the streets, accommodation from the hotels, and sitting or even standing room from the trains.

Among the minor menaces of the war is the conversation of Mr Thwaites at the boarding house. "Your friends seem to be mightily distinguishing themselves, as usual," he says to Miss Roach, referring to the Russians. Mr Thwaites is one of the Hamilton villains, a big, tall, mustachioed sadist who has lived in boarding houses and hotels all his life. Miss Roach, a spinster nearing 40, who works as secretary in a London publishing firm, is his present victim, her assumed liking for everything Russian the pretext for torment.

That steady look with which as a child he would have torn off a butterfly's wing, with which as a boy he would have twisted another boy's wrist, with which as a man he would have humiliated a servant or inferior, was upon him now as he looked at Miss Roach.

Unrelentingly Mr Thwaites pursues her, using language which may seem a little exaggerated in its post-war facetiousness, but which comes out marvellously right on the page. The other mildly titillating of the boarding house, sickly Mrs Barratt preoccupied with her pills, would-be cultured Miss Steele, silent Mr Priest, are sympathetic but helpless. Vicki Kugelmann, the German refugee, her boyfriend and brings to life at the boarding house, turns out to be a second monster, who is soon in league with Mr Thwaites. Even her visits to pubs and cinemas with an American Air Force officer who seems to like her, turn bitter when it becomes plain that he prefers the lively Vicki to her friend friend.

The book's climactic point comes with Miss Roach's successful rebellion against the Thwaites Kugelmann axis, but it is really a study in loneliness, and its most symbolically important character is the retired music-hall comedian Mr Pross, who gives up to London frequently, but who means not one he knows, in pubs he is driven into taking out letters from his

publication were entrancingly absurd? *Sorell* and Son, published first in August 1925, reached its fortieth edition in 1953. What different types of reader did it appeal to over those years? Or was it the same old boys, grown longer in the tooth or more dependent on the dentures, like the aging socialist MP who can only view the present unemployment in terms of the 1930s?

*Bestseller* does not finick with awkward questions like these. It appeared at least in part in the *Observer Magazine*, November 1971, and its level is that of good Sunday journalism. The synopsis of these money-spinners will appeal as much to those who have never read them as to "everyone" who did, but has forgotten that first fine bubbly enthusiasm, or the appalling horror provoked by Guy Thorne's *When it was Dark* (1933), the story of an international Jewish conspiracy (worthy of *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*) in which the Resurrection of Jesus Christ was proved not to have happened. This resulted in the breakdown of Western civilization, robbery, murder, till it impety.

The terrible seriousness of the situation need hardly be insisted on here. Its reality cannot be more vividly indicated than by the statement of a single fact—CONSOLS ARE DOWN TO SIXTY-FIVE.

"Everybody" has his or her list of the books which everyone read 1900-1939. Mr Cockburn has rightly avoided collision with Richard Usborne's *Clubland Heroes* and

pocket and pretending to be B. L. TRENDALL and B. L. WEBSTER:  
*Illustrations of Greek Drama*  
200 illustrations.

show, so that he may have a sense of being truly a talented Black at the boarding house. His room, lights his gas life, and Westerns in bed.

*Hungover Square*, published years earlier, ends on the first consideration of the war. When the soldier-consider how the artists represented George Harvey Bone coming dramatic and dramatic per-able murder, it is to the mances between the eighth century painting of a Chantrechin, and the fourth century AD and the radio saying that Britain's plays built as pieces for the theatre as an event for which all the

Some of the technical information is relatively simple, though ing for a unit to make sense, the late lates, they have been seen something to happen Greek stage. Much more intricate would put an end to their ing is the role of the vases as less existences, which modulators of theatrical taste: the one bar in London to and production first takes the purchases. Brighton and back again, as point of view—"What did these of the book is to show gestations mean to him, and how plate pointlessness of the ten did he commission them by all the characters, and whether than taking them from conveys this, brilliantly, nuck?" Trendall and Webster sug-remarkably to be wholly must that a number of pieces were without being at all dull. Side especially for the dramatics' of this pointlessness is reatory-parties after the show—an Bone's tormentor Nella, waging idea—while a tomb in asks her to get away with heanin produced no fewer than live she says, "Aren't all places id-fugured vases, all made locally my dear Bone?" In such kind 400 BC, all with Euripidean what can human beings deimes: an actor's grave, or that of

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# Greek plays through Greek eyes

B. L. TRENDALL and B. L. WEBSTER:  
*Illustrations of Greek Drama*  
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Yet, strangely enough, whereas the coming of the principate deprived popular elections at Rome of any effective existence, in the municipalities, on the other hand, it actually stimulated interest in local electioneering. This will be clear to everyone who has seen the electoral slogans plastered over the walls of Pompeii. The reason for the paradox is explained by Dr Staveley:

when the more influential members of Italian society found themselves no longer directly involved as jurors in the political game at Rome they quite naturally began to devote more time and interest to their local township... the electoral campaign at Pompeii, and presumably in other municipalities in the early empire, bore strong resemblances to the sort of campaign conducted in a small township of a modern democratic state.

This remarkable phenomenon did not last for long, because the central government later robbed municipal offices of their autonomy and made them liable to heavy financial burdens. It would be worth considering whether this upsurge of a new municipal liveliness, caused by the elimination of democratic institutions at the centre, could be paralleled by any instances in modern history.

A devoted follower of local revivals? While not all "theatrical" vases can have been made for actors or their admirers, the authors produce some fascinating statistics to show that the vases bear out what the ancient writers had suggested: that Euripides, though unpopular in his lifetime, later outstripped both Aeschylus and Sophocles, while Aristophanes, who said so many unkind things about Euripides, soon lost his own small artistic following to Menander. Further, they notice that a high proportion of vases with theatrical connexions come from the Greek colonies in the West: the comic *phryx* vases made all over southern Italy in the fourth century BC immediately spring to mind, but Professor Trendall notes that the more serious classical vase-painters made use of theatrical subjects from the outset. With this in mind one must give due weight to the considerable number of imports from Attica with dramatic scenes. It is a phenomenon which is not easy to explain, but which is here treated in a somewhat cavalier manner.

The main part of the book deals with the objects themselves, selected "to give a visual idea of what the dramatic performances of the ancient Greek world looked like from their beginnings down to the Hellenistic period". They have been divided chronologically and by subject into Pre-dramatic Monuments,

the "primary" Assemblies of ancient times and the parliaments of today. No doubt we still owe a great debt to the principles and procedures worked out in ancient Greece and Rome. But it would need quite another book to enumerate them, since Dr Staveley is content merely to describe the ancient systems as they were.

This he has done very successfully. Among the Greeks, he was right to concentrate on Athens and Sparta, since we know most about them. To find Sparta coupled with notoriously "democratic" Athens as a sort of model of voting procedure will strike some readers as strange, since the Spartan system, with its mass of ruthlessly controlled non-citizens, was later regarded as highly undemocratic. But the essential feature of a "primary" Assembly was the participation of those who were citizens. How far back these meetings went in other parts of the world it is difficult to tell: they have been conjecturally identified in communities where archaeology reveals the absence of a royal or outstanding household, for example Mohenjodaro (or Gournia in Crete). But Dr Staveley begins his search for the origins of voting in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, though the evidence they

provide is largely negative. Then he goes on, tentatively, to envisage developments in Sparta and Athens alike as comprising two more or less parallel stages: the emergence, first, of a voting council after the mid-eighth century BC and, secondly, of a voting assembly at about 600 or a little later. As for the Romans, on whose early Republican ensimilation Dr Staveley has already done much important work, he describes their highly complicated voting system with the authority that one would expect. In the preface there is a tribute to the late Lily Ross Taylor (of whose three major publications on this subject, the most recent, *Roman Voting Assemblies*, was reviewed in the TLS on May 16, 1968). "In theory", said Professor Taylor, "there was universal suffrage, but the provisions for voting were not adequate for the qualified voters." This is putting it rather mildly. Those students of Roman history who find themselves confounded by the gulfs that separate Rome's theory and practice will do well to study Dr Staveley's chapter, "The Principle of the Group Vote", which, within a brief compass, makes the procedure clearer—at least if one is prepared to concentrate fairly hard.

But his psephologists and political scientists must turn above all to a subsequent chapter called "The Manipulation of the Vote"—and also to an earlier chapter about the Greeks, "Manipulation and Fraud". It becomes evident at once that the omission of "Fraud" from the heading of the Roman discussion is purely fortuitous. This analysis will form a very useful companion to many of Cleero's speeches. It is also of considerable interest as a guide to the national psychology of the Republican Romans, who so strangely combined a praiseworthy devotion to the law—verging sometimes upon an almost hysterical legalism—with an inextinguishable ingenuity in frustrating its aims. The emperors, following in this the cunning example of Augustus, carried on in the same unblinking spirit: for a while retaining a streamlined medium of electoral paraphernalia, they made sure, by elaborate means, that it produced the results they wanted, or at least which they did not actively dislike. Until unelected autocracy took over, their efforts provided a classic exercise in the use of a glove of such delicate velvet that the composition of the iron hand inside it was scarcely even detectable.

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Shimon Tzabar's argument is pungent and ironic—but not frivolous. It is securely based on a study of the history of warfare and its consequences, and it has the unblinking cynicism of a mankind so devastated by war that it has at last to learn the weird rules of the game.

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The commentaries on the pictures and the summaries of the lost plays are deceptively brief and conceal a wealth of knowledge and scholarship. The authors give a detailed description of each piece and often follow this up with intriguing speculations about identification or influence. There is stimulus here for the student and scholar, but it is often the kind of stimulus that leaves one asking for more argument and more evidence. One begins to notice the missed opportunities—for instance, some thoughts on why particular dramatic themes should have attracted this or that artist or school—but on this scale such a hook must feel unsatisfactory and incomplete. It is much more than a mere summary, and the introduction holds high promise; for example, we follow a fascinating but all too brief series of deductions about the

dating and the plots of some of the lost plays, largely based on the appearance of *kuklos*-names on the vases, with that of Eucion, Aeschylus's son, evidently playing a leading role in the early plays of Sophocles. But the possibilities are never fully worked out: it would be good to have another hook that discusses some of these problems more fully. Trendall and Webster have already shown us that there is clearly much to be learnt from the vases about the lost plays of the great tragedians, quite apart from those by authors of whom we know little more than their names, while Professor Trendall's chapter on the *phryx* vases guides the reader gently into an appreciation of their very real wit.

One of the greatest difficulties in compiling such a book is to decide just what is "drama". In the "Pre-dramatic" chapter, Professor Webster is concerned only with the "prehistory" of dramatic techniques and conventions, and their growth out of the cult-ceremonies of Dionysus. Even though he lists relatively few vases, one soon realizes that a great number of such vases scenes may in fact have had a connexion with chorus and dithyramb. In the chapter on Old and Middle Comedy, the authors admit that "Attic painters... are apt to paint characters rather than actors", and this is the crux that makes this

book such a difficult one to compile, and in which lies its greatest potential stimulus. In the later chapters on comedy we are usually on safer grounds, for masks and stage-scenes abound, but in the tragic representations there is generally little to indicate whether the painter is showing his own idea of the legend or the current stage version, and the authors seem a little too keen to attribute all initiative to the stage. They discuss Aeschylus's *Orestes*; they illustrate scenes from the *Choephoroi* and *Eumenides*, and though most of these vases could clearly be derived from Aeschylus, none are explicitly theatrical, and several add *non-Aeschylean* features. The *Eumenides* vases illustrate cover the hundred years 440-340 BC, but the development of the theatre in that period, or of the theme itself, is not discussed. There is no speculation about the artist's influence on the tragedian, because the vases of the 460s and 450s are not discussed. No pictures of the *Agamemnon* are mentioned, yet there are many candidates—above all the great mixing-bowl in Boston attributed to the Dokimasia Painter, showing on its two sides the deaths of Agamemnon, trapped in the infamous cloak, and of Agasthus. The vase is conventionally dated ten years before Aeschylus's trilogy of 458 BC; it is fast becoming a classicist's chestnut, yet one feels that too such widely-read scholars must have an opinion worth hearing.

When the demos got its say

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Lutterworth's "When and Why" books each centre on a famous historical event and aim to examine "the cause and effect so that it no longer stands isolated from its background". The expected readership is ten to fourteen year olds. The prose style is simple, the dates firmly there but unobtrusive; at a quick glance one would say these are workmanlike accounts, succeeding in their chosen aim.

What emerges at a closer look at these two new titles in the series is very different; in one case better, in the other worse. In both cases the attention to background is small: the central event dominates each book. Oliver Warner is an outstanding naval historian and he writes here with enthusiasm and authority, in spite of the restriction of writing for a young audience within an 80-page limit, describing *The Battle of Jutland* with graphic details and good use of contemporary letters and accounts. We see the significance of the battleships and cruisers, stanning at full speed,

with bow and stern waves piling and creaming fore and aft, funnels pouring smoke, visibly lifted by the forced draught of the furnaces, the under-side often a red glow, they gave an impression of irresistible might.

What is the significance of this last action in history where "massed armoured fleets would fight it out with gun and torpedo". We are led through the silly mistakes, the

courage, the strange twists of this most complicated naval battle, a battle without conclusion, in which weather conditions and the vast mantle of smoke from the furnaces of 250 ships not only prevented the leaders and ships' captains from following what was happening, but enabled a Zeppelin to fly over the combat area without realizing that a battle was taking place.

The illustrations weaken the effectiveness of the text. We need maps, diagrams and tables to show the state of the battle at various stages: what we get are one inadequate map, two diagrams and a dozen drawings of ships firing guns.

Mr Hampden has a harder job in *The Spanish Armada*: it is a splendid story, but it has been recounted so many times before. Once we get into the swift moves of the Channel encounter, the speed of the narrative carries us unerringly along, and the ending is thought-provoking, making clear the conditions suffered by the humble creators of this great victory while afloat and the hardships under which thousands died on their return to shore hungry, penniless, verminous, ridden with disease.

But the beginning, where the author is trying to describe the ships and weapons on both sides, is a failure. It would be better to give no information rather than this half-explanation, this wodge of facts without explanation of their significance. Publishers often use experts to vet the accuracy of their information books: it is a pity that they don't also test step by step the interpretation of the text by average children of the age group for which the books are designed.

What is the point of a passage like "He abolished the forecastle. There were three or four masts. The stern-mast, the mizzen mast, carried a triangular lateen sail". Illustrated by

a drawing of a ruder as piece gun, the function of which is not clear in the text? If children "Twenty-five or more" "pinnaces and over two men" set out from Plymouth they are not likely to suppose that a pinnace is something of a ship? Why does the Cadiz on page 17 look different from its position on page 18? Did anyone think that were included to help children stand the text, or are they to break the page and a period flavour? Given this readership and a

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John Garfield (in consultation with David Proctor)

much like and set

apart so that comparison

and as frontpiece a

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Europe?"

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for just a background

anyone bothers to

close attention and

but there the resemblance

ends: each author has

chosen an assessment

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to view his tale.

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the cool humour of

the cowardly humour

of the nearly-failed plot

to the real symphonies

of the transported Irish

prisoners Townsend and

the poem the Swan

River colony in

the year 1875, time

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forthright mouth of

Junio

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river shore by

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and who is one of

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noted characters

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of Captain John

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American who

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disguise, who

becomes

in the port, Jamie

becomes

his guide and then

the go-

ing of various

public

green for all his

contacts among

Irish settlers,

including the

enemies, however,

than to

involved Father

McCabe. Ho

or "Dare", as

though the

plan to rescue

the convicts

is with all the

feeling behind it

somehow implies,

despite his own

sturdy wits against

the suspicious

police, who want to

ultimate authority.

Another volume by

author, *The Farmer*, is

agriculture in this

country

interestingly with

evidence of prehistoric

and methods of

and the account

enlightens

and quotation

writers like Thomas

Twissell

again, however,

some "High

Hamilton, £1.40,

referred to by their

sum, £2138 3)

"I. R. Acton" are

qualifications, though

the early Victorian

navvies seem a

figure in the

literature promising

subject for a

grip-

ping—slumbering

countryside

by savage hordes;

scarcely

feared by the

navvies as a

promising young

savages.

Loosely attached to

the story—so

loosely that one can

hardly call them

subplots—are a

variety of other

events. A jewel robbery

in the opening

chapters, for instance,

is revealed

in the last few

pages to have been

perpetrated by

Dick Diamond,

one of the

shadier navvies.

A precocious

young labourer

is tutored in

calculus

by Mrs Sawbridge

and rises to

design

locomotives for

Mr Brunel. There

are also a great

number of

episodes

taken from the

real-life

building of

the Woodhead

tunnel.

The author's real

strength lies in

his

power to describe

the

character and the

northern

landscape. He

vividly evokes

the bleak, black

moorland: "Hostile,

black and wet

it seemed a land

fit only for the

bleak

flocks of sodden

sheep, the wild

children rather

than for them.

**Captains and boys**

From *The Escape of the Fenians*

use him as informer. In the end it is Jamie's own dramatic action in jumping off the bulwark of the ship taking the Fenians away, risking sharks and paddle wheels in order to deflect the pursuing naval vessel, that wins the day.

Telling of tough men, self-reliant boys and a country that is more ruthless than either and giving a wealth of detail about the daily life of these early colonial days, this is a straightforward story that rings absolutely true, and with a ring of truth. If there is any criticism to be made of the storytelling it is perhaps even too straightforward; equal weight is given to such a variety of characters and situations (that, looking at a little the shading and highlighting which turn history into story-telling, the going strikes an occasional heavy patch.

If Paul Budder's view is level and panoramic, that in Leon Garfield's *Child O'War* (written in consultation with David Proctor) is exactly the opposite, for the author presents both the hero and the sea battles he takes part in stereotypically. Sir John Theophilus Lee, the youngest boy—at the age of five and a half—ever to join His Majesty's Navy, and on whose actual memoirs the story is based, is shown to us not only as a snobbish old man reminiscing but through the eyes of his own children watching him; the stark facts of a British sailor's life and the peerless actions they fought in are shown in a fuzz of extemporized, through receding archways of freedom, as it were.

Though Leon Garfield's inventive re-creation of the Victorian scene is as ingenious as ever, though, even at several removes and through the pen of Sir T. Lee, the clear fields of the sea battles compel their own kind prize, the two do not mix; it is as though someone had spun a cocoon of candy floss round a piece of steel. There are two stories here,

**Victorian working men**

DERICK GRICE:

Tom Sawbridge

Illustrated by Ian Ribbons

Lutterworth Press, £1.

Women in each century

and the account

enlightens

and quotation

writers like Thomas

Twissell

again, however,

some "High

Hamilton, £1.40,

referred to by their

sum, £2138 3)

"I. R. Acton" are

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Loosely attached to

the story—so

loosely that one can



# All the colours of the rainbow

THE CATHOLICITY of children's tastes in literature is well matched these days by the variety of picture books being produced for them. A glance at the current crop reveals material to satisfy every juvenile literary whim, whether it is for the topical or the traditional, for realism or for fantasy, for adventure and suspense or for the humdrum domestic scene.

In *Albert and the Green Bottle*, a tall story about a lone round-the-world yachtsman, Elizabeth Rose contrives to include a touch of all these elements: she gives us the terrors of the deep, storm and shipwreck, the amazing coincidences of the true fairy tale, all the paraphernalia of an air-sea rescue operation and a cosy ending with fish-cakes for tea. Gerald Rose's bright, cheerful illustrations have a good nautical flavour and a primitive quality matching the impressive comic naivety of the hero himself.

Suspense and adventure are the keynotes of Helen Piers's *Snail and Caterpillar*. Finding that the caterpillar lives has been out and loaded on to a lorry bound for market, Snail sets out with great loyalty and single-mindedness to rescue her and find her a new home. With truly Keatsian empathy Helen Piers initiates us into the slow and painful ways of the snail, for whom there are no quick moves and no short cuts—a disability rendered particularly frustrating by the fact that most of his acquaintances are extremely agile. Pauline Baynes's beautifully exact and vivid illustrations help splendidly, both by showing the meadow-world from the snail's eye view and by underlining the humour of the story.

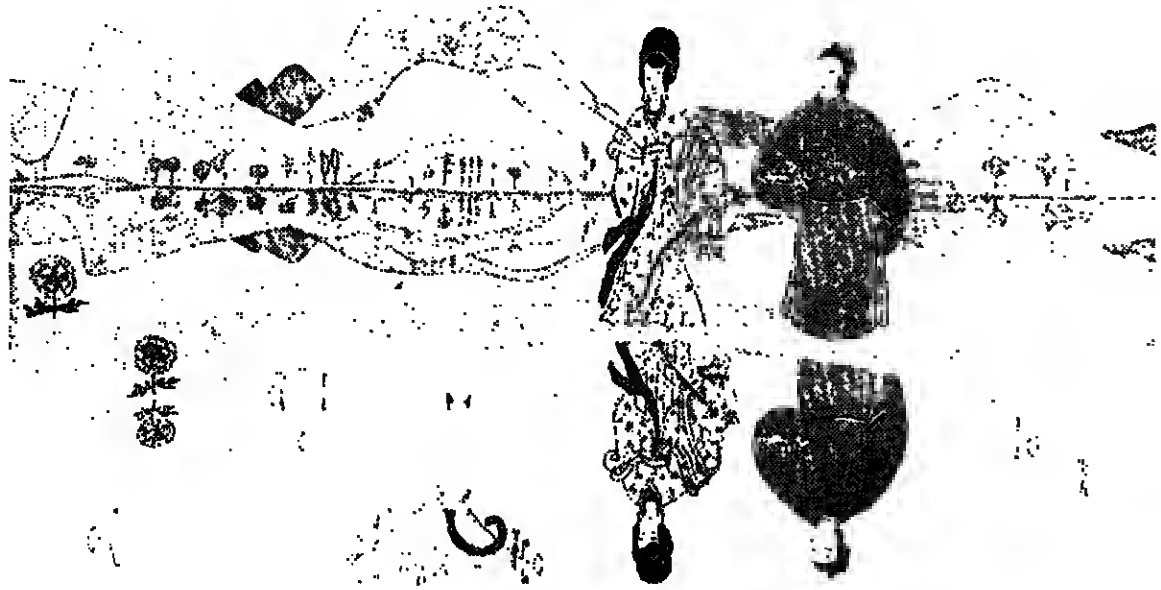
Young enthusiasts for realism have probably already enjoyed Anthony Colbert's *Amanda Has a Surprise*. In his second book, *Amanda Goes Down*, Mr Colbert provides further justification for his belief that a simple account of the ordinary events of life will supply the young child with as much imaginative delight as any more strenuous flights of fantasy. Amanda's father takes her on his bicycle to dancing class, they buy fruit and flowers in the market-place, Amanda puts a coin in a collecting box and she sees a wedding. Children, like great diarists, thrive on this kind of apparently trivial detail, and the lovingly drawn black-and-white pictures, as well as the text, are full of the astonishing unimportant things that children see and remember.

Russell Hoban's *Herman the Loner* is another book dealing in realistic terms with the everyday preoccupations of children, though here the reader identifies less closely with the standpoint of the central character, a boy with a familiar problem:

"My cowboy hat is lost," said Herman.  
"It is gone."  
"Look for it," said Mother.  
Herman looked in the biscuit jar and he looked in the bathtub.  
"I can't find it," he said.  
"It is not anywhere."

Most parents will have been here before. They will also recognize Herman's genuine mystification when other people find quite easily the things that he has given up for lost. The crisis comes when Herman loses the watch his father has lent him, but with a little tactful management from his bemused but understanding family he finds both the watch and some valuable self-respect. Lillian Hoban's black-and-white drawings are cosily appropriate.

The young hero of *Messy Malcolin*, by Terry Ingleby and Jenny Taylor, is another boy with a serious defect: he is a good and capable child, but he will wipe his hands on his trousers. However, this is no domestic drama, but rich and delightful fantasy. One Tuesday, when he has rendered all his trousers unwearable, Malcolin has to go out in his best Sunday kit. The butcher sees him wearing it and shuts up shop, thinking that there must be a festival going on. From there things snowball until a festival actually takes place, with flags,



From *The Blue Bird*

music, dancing, military parades and even the presence of the King himself. Lynette Hermon's pleasantly realistic paintings enliven every page, adding substance to the brief narrative and echoing its humour.

Animal lovers get their own special helping of fantasy in Jan Wahl's *Doctor Rabbit*, a charming and imaginative tale impressively illustrated by Peter Parnall. When Rabbit is appointed doctor by the other animals he carries out his work efficiently and conscientiously, but he takes his responsibilities so seriously that he makes himself ill, and then it is the turn of his patients to look after him. The quiet earnestness of the story is accentuated by the beautiful illustrations where meticulously detailed surfaces in black-and-white are contrasted with flat areas of white or muted colour. Every now and then an illustration in black-and-white appears which makes one wonder momentarily why other artists bother with full colour: Anthony Colbert is one such, and Peter Parnall is another.

The animal world is well represented in this batch of stories. With *Benji and the Hurling Bird* we have another winner. Here, Margaret Blay Graham, the distinguished illustrator of Gene Zion's books about Harry, the dirty dog, illustrates a story of her own making. Like the Harry stories, this one is about a dog with a problem: Benji dislikes Aunt Sarah's parrot, Tilly, at the best of times, because when she comes to stay no one has any intention to spare for him. But when Tilly actually learns to bark, Benji feels that life has become completely unbearable, and he decides to get rid of her. This is a funny book with a very satisfactory ending, and the author's illustrations are all that we have come to expect of her.

In Paul Galdone's *Three Aesop Foxes* we see animals in a traditional setting. Aesop's fables generally seem rather arid readings for children, partly because of their brevity, but Mr Galdone puts three together (the Fox and the Grapes, the Fox and the Stork, the Fox and the Crow), adorning them with crisp, witty illustrations fringed with leaves and tendrils, so as to give us, in this case, the story ending happily if morally. Miss Galdone's effortless, flowing style never slips into banality, remaining firmly rooted in the recognizable, everyday life, not in the least fairylike or remote despite its theme. The accompanying water-colours are apposite and realistic enough to illustrate the story satisfactorily for a small child, while a parent must appreciate their delicate humour.

Gloomy and too impressionistic—this might be the criticism a child would apply to the appearance of *Beauty and the Beast*, a retelling by Philippa Pearce of the traditional story in her admirable, balanced prose. There is plenty of text to gratify the reader, with a sensible and informative footnote on sources. The pictures are dark and mysterious: pages, text and all, are coloured in soft, mottled blue, yellow, mauve and orange. As with so many of Longman's books, it is a delight to look at. But the high quality would generally only be appreciated by a far older child than that for whom the story is written.

Another pleasant tale, this time from the Arabian Nights, is *Agib and the Honey Cakes*, a strange, vagrant story of lovers parted and reunited years later through their son's appetite for honey cakes. The text is good but rather episodic as if suffering from over-abbreviation. Indeed Kathleen Lines tells us, in another footnote, that she has taken

them. The story is satisfying, and the very striking Willow Pattern style of illustration demonstrates once again Fiona French's skill in working with unconstrained imagination within a rigid formal framework.

Bernadette Watts has shown on several occasions how much enjoyment an illustrator can add to the richest traditional material. In *Mother Holly*, she takes one of the most appealing of fairy stories and illustrates it with a memorable series of pictures accurately reflecting its every mood. The desolation of the

good, beautiful daughter who has to sit spinning by the well late into the night; the airy magic of Mother Holly's meadow; snow falling like a blessing on the world when the girl shakes Mother Holly's bed; the golden sun shining in through the window of the lazy lie-a-bed daughter; all these are sensitively depicted in paintings that have a kind of peasant sturdiness in keeping with the story's origins.

Ultimately, what every reader, whatever his taste in stories, demands of a picture book is that it should be good to look at. Brian Wildsmith's

## Old stories, new pictures

THE illustrations in many children's books today are such a delight to the adult, such a riot of colour and stylistic experiment, that sometimes it appears that the child and its demands are forgotten: of course, illustrations and text should open doors, teach new sounds and new ideas to delight both ear and eye, but if the style is too extreme, it defeats its own ends. This seems to apply particularly to illustrations: a child's appetite for unusual words and endures is often greater than its visual appreciation. Only when a perfect balance is achieved is a book completely successful.

*The Old Woman who Lived in a Vinegar Bottle* used to be told every hair-raising night in Rumer Godden's family—it is a version of the greedy fisherman legend, with, in this case, the story ending happily if morally. Miss Godden's effortless, flowing style never slips into banality, remaining firmly rooted in the recognizable, everyday life, not in the least fairylike or remote despite its theme. The accompanying water-colours are apposite and realistic enough to illustrate the story satisfactorily for a small child, while a parent must appreciate their delicate humour.

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it from a far longer story. Easy, informative illustrations by Barry Wilkinson abound, although it is a pity that they are not all in colour.

Bright, stained-glass designs and colour characterize Joanna Trountrout's illustrations in her retelling of *Sir Gawain and the Loathly Dame*. He marries her out of duty to King Arthur and, needless to say, discovers her to be beautiful and good, bewitched by a wicked sister. The pictures are vivid and dominate the text with their bold black outlines.

Joanna Trountrout, in a softer mood, also illustrates *The Sea Knight*, one of six booklets produced by Blackie. This is the second batch: each story has a different artist at work, and the standard is so good that it is a pity that the narrator of the series, Euan Cooper-Willis, cannot do better: the stories are more precise, without any excitement. But the quality of the illustrations raises these booklets well above most productions of this type.

Edward Ardizzone has chosen to set *The Babes in the Wood* in an eighteenth-century setting, using as text a ballad dating from 1640, as we are told in an extensive and again excellent footnote. Delightful as the pictures are, one could quibble with the setting: the savage little scene seems better suited to the Middle Ages. Also, entertaining as the ballad is for an adult, a child might have preferred a prose version. But one cannot really quarrel

with such an elegantly little work of art.

*Seven Tales by Hans Christian Andersen* illustrated by Katrin Brandt. Scandals has only now arrived from America, although there in 1959. Engaging pictures are, Scandals's style expanded and matured. The book seems a little bit like a collection of old-fashioned, high known stories, translated for the children about what he is enough, but there is one thing missing: a good, useful foreword by the author's fresh, interesting—an adult magazine—illustrations—far more fluid space they use here working relaxed in style than her better-known filled by another known Topsy and Tim pictures.

*The Tinker Hat* really is a strange story; on rereading it, M. R. James's racy translation, struck by its happy amorality, should the insouciousness of the princess? But his meticulously presented little elementary science is so endearing, so natural, a lesson is turned into something quite child, or adult, must be won by extraordinary by Katrin Brandt's enormous Andersen's directness, movingly appealing paintings, which perfectly the pictures—perfect a world of nature you can almost and splendidly solid dogs, feel and smell.

*Animal Castle* does not have the old favourite but is the star. Professor Melhuus, 95p. (416 08890 21) prince in an animal-less world. The even tenor of life in Celesteville who goes seeking for a wife gets a filip with a visit from the Old beast, Hoth text and the Lady and her brother, Professor Griffo, suffer from a cynicism that the mixture as before, and addicts should not urge upon the Eric CARLE: *Rooster Sets Out to See the World*. Dent. £1.50. 1460 05857 0.

A vivid and brilliant rooster is joined by his exploratory expedition first by two cats, then by three frogs, and by increasing numbers of companions up to five. As night begins to fall his fellow-travellers drop away, so that the 89210 4) Blackie. 15p each. Book gives us subtraction as well as the *The Old Bullard of the Book* collection. The pictures are fetching and Wood. Edited by Katharine. How the different numbers relate to one by Head. £1.10. 1370 01134 0.

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## More picture books

It would cost more than twenty pounds to buy the picture books reviewed on the opposite page—not counting any of those very nearly as good noticed below. And all these in turn represent less than a quarter of the high-quality picture books published each year. Not even the libraries can stock them all. Paperback versions can never convey the luxury of the originals, but they are a great deal better than nothing, and since 1968 Penguin have built up a collection of sixty Picture Puffins for which anyone concerned with small children must be profoundly grateful. The latest to appear is *Henny-Penny*: beautiful pictures by William Stobbs of the farmyard animals so unceremoniously snapped up by Foxywoxy in Joseph Jacobs's splendid version of the old tale.

Inspired by Penguin's example, Pan have now produced their first eleven Piccolo Picture Books. And very good they are. Nice stiff covers, in varying sizes to suit the originals, and at 25p each very good value. Snail boys (notoriously harder to please) seem particularly well catered for—Strawwelpeter, Gumdrop the cat, Albert Herbert Hawkins (the naughtiest boy in the world), Orlando and John Birmingham's enterprising mouse Tribble are among the heroes. The picture below is from a Piccolo—*Old Marlow had Some Flats*, by Judith and Ron Barrett.

Elizabeth and Germain Rose and the Green Bottle. Faber. £1.25. (571 09873 9)

Allen Piers: *Snail and Caterpillar*. Illustrated by Pauline Baynes. £1.25. (582 15269 0)

Anthony Colbert: *Amanda Goes Down*. Macmillan. £1.30. (582 15269 0)

Russell Hoban: *Herman the Loner*. Illustrated by Lillian Hoban. Work. £1.437 46706 6

Terry Ingleby and Jenny Taylor: *Messy Malcolin*. Illustrated by Lynette Hermon. Work. £1.25. (437 78170 4)

Jan Wahl: *Doctor Rabbit*. Illustrated by Peter Parnall. Longman. £1.10. (582 15161 0)

Margaret Blay Graham: *Benji and the Hurling Bird*. Bodley Head. £1.370 01141 4

Paul Galdone: *Three Aesop Foxes*. World's Work. £1.42507 X

Fiona French: *The Blue Bird*. University Press. £1.25. (19 279681 X) [F finished on July 20]

Bernadette Watts: *Mother Holly*. Oxford University Press. £1.279684 4

Bryan Williams: *The Tinker Hat*. Oxford University Press. £1.10. (19 279681 X) [F finished on July 20]

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Russell Hoban: *Herman the Loner*. Illustrated by Lillian Hoban. Work. £1.437 46706 6

LAURA CATHINE: *Tot Boat and his Little Blue*. Illustrated by Arnold Lobel. Longman. 70p. (582 15161 9)

A short pastoral tale about a small boy who lives in the Indian jungle. There is less incident than in Helen Lunneman, but sounder advice about coping with tigers. Arnold Lobel's illustrations are mannered without being fussy and complement the simplicity with which Laura Cathine tells her improbable story.

MANNED KUBER: *The Little Slipper*. Illustrated by Monika Laimgruber. Hamish Hamilton. £1.25 (541 02129 4)

Engaging fantasy, delightfully illustrated by Monika Laimgruber, about a small invisible man of no consequence to anyone:

"It is not really worth seeing him," said the grass witch. "He is quite small. He has a little head as round as a potato, and thin stalky legs like a grasshopper. He just walks about by himself all the time, and that is all there is to him. There is nothing more to be said."

Enraged when he overhears this crushing estimate of his importance, the little man decides that he is going to be seen and noticed, so he steals a pair of slippers and causes great astonishment by running down the street in them. But when all is said and done, what astonishes everyone is the sight of a pair of slippers moving unaided, and the little man is as inconsequential as ever.

HELEN ORCHESLEY: *Peter Bull*. Illustrated by Kelly Oechsli. World's Work. £1.20. (437 64503 2)

In this very funny traditional Danish tale a farmer and his wife, being childless, decide to adopt their pet bull-calf and pay the rascally town clerk to teach it to speak. Monstrously, though realistically, the story ends happily for everyone except the calf, who is eaten. Kelly Oechsli's pictures are witty and inventive.

GERDA MARIE SCHRIED: *Moonface*. Illustrated by Antoni Borayński. Chalfont St Giles: Richard Sadler. £1.05. (185410 022 9)

Moonface starts life as a child's painting, but by some special lunar magic he comes adrift from his page and sets off to see the world and to rival the real moon. This is an attractive fantasy with the credibility of a traditional fairy tale. Antoni Borayński illustrates it with night scenes that are magical and memorable.

MIRIAM STEINER: *Herman McGregor's World*. Illustrated by Harvey Weiss. World's Work. £1.05. (437 73352 1)

In this child-psychology primer for the very young we see how the world of Hermann McGregor expands as he grows from babyhood to the age of five or six. Everything he needs is brought to him when he is a baby and this stops happening as he grows older, but life provides all kinds of compensations and excitements. This hopeful and reassuring book is illustrated by Harvey Weiss with cheerful drawings that add a lot of incident to the story.

PATRICIA THOMAS: *"Stand Back," said the Elephant. "I'm Going to Sneeze!"* Illustrated by Wallace Tripp. World's Work. £1.10. (437 79590 X)

Awful things happen in the jungle when the elephant sneezes, so when he feels a tickle coming on all the birds and beasts for miles around implore him to stifle it. The sneeze is averted, but not the disastrous consequences, for the elephant decides to laugh instead. The story is told in rollicking verse, well matched by Wallace Tripp's funny, racy line drawings.

DENISE and ALAIN TREZ: *The Smallest Pirate*. Faber. £1.30. (571 09852 5)

A pacific pirate must be a rare beast, but that is what Nicholas is. While the other pirates drink rum and sing sea shanties, Nicholas has more tiny ships to put in their empty bottles and dreams up useful inventions. He is always trying to escape from the other pirates, but his ingenuity has made him indispensable and they refuse to let him go. However, he gets his freedom and his reward at the end of a gentle little story, humorously illustrated in soft, pleasing colours. Faber have also reissued an earlier Trez picture book, *Good Night, Vercalca*, the perfect child's re-creation of the mad logic of dream (paperback, 40p).

MARY VEEN: *Meridith Was Afraid*. Illustrated by the Author. W. and R. Chambers. 85p. (530 31233 1)

A simple story in clear, bold type with clear, bold pictures about a cowardly horse who discovers that confidence is just a matter of knowing you can do a thing. This is an amusing picture book at a less frightening price than Tim, and suitable for children who are beginning to read to themselves.

## Macdonald New Children's and Educational Books



## Macdonald Starters

Since they were first published sixteen months ago, this brilliant series of colour information books for 5 to 8 year olds has been astonishingly successful. Parents, teachers and reviewers (not to mention children) all love the books. Each Starter explains one topic in a series of single page full-colour illustrations with short captions of ten to twenty words. Every book has a picture dictionary of key words and a simple experiment or activity connected with the topic of the book.

The Basic Starters 50 titles 30p each  
Starters Places 5 titles 35p each  
Starters Long Ago 5 titles 35p each (August)  
Starters Activities 5 titles 30p each (August)

## Beginner's World

A magnificent large format series by the same team that produced the original 'Starters'. Ten volumes that form the simplest possible kind of encyclopedia for beginning readers. Vocabulary controlled text and pages packed with fascinating pictures in full colour. 60p each

First two volumes: September  
Our Earth  
Wild Animals  
December  
Cars, Lorries and Trains  
Ships and Submarines  
Sea and River Animals

## Visual Books

Detailed research, expert authors, attractive yet accurate illustrations and new methods of presenting up-to-date information make these books a unique event in children's and educational publishing. For 10 year olds and upwards. Latest titles: September 60p each  
Exploring Space  
Beneath the Oceans  
October  
Inside the Earth  
Man's Environment

## Introduction to Nature

Dr. Maurice Burton  
For 8 year olds and upwards, this wonderful series is a new behavioural approach to the world of animals, backed up by an information-packed reference and project section. Lively and accurate full-colour illustrations and diagrams.  
September 95p each  
The Life of Birds  
The Life of Fishes

## Mr. Bear, Station Master

Illustrated by Kozo Kakimoto. The latest picture book about bumbling Mr. Bear finds him starting work as stationmaster at Sleepy Valley station where a snow storm almost causes him to miss the arrival of his very first train. Full colour illustrations on every page. September £1.25

## Novels

Telford's Holiday Ray Pope £1.25  
Himself and the Missing Uncle Kenneth Bird (September) £1.25  
Danny Dunn and the Swamp Monster  
Jay Williams and Raymond Abrashkin (September) £1.25  
Blue Bacey Catherine Cookson £1.25







### The Saga of Noggin the Nog

Must be amongst the best written texts in current print for five-to-seven year olds. The plots are enormously funny and so are the pictures. *The Observer* New titles by Oliver Paskgala & Peter Firmin: 8 THE GAME, 10 THE MONSTER, each 45p.

### Folk Tales from the West

Eileen Molony's 'Enthralling collection of Cornish tales which should appeal to a wide age group.' *Teachers World*. Now printing now ready, £1.25.

### The Rev. W. Awdry's Surprise Packet

A colourful folder of stories, games, puzzles, things to make and things to do, a continuing delight for all railway enthusiasts. 90p.

### Fun with Electronics

by Gilbert Davey. A completely revised edition with up-to-date information on both ready built designs and circuits which can be built up from components: all-wave and short-wave receivers, amplifiers and loudspeakers for hi-fi, electric guitars, etc. £1.25

### The Tinder Box

A colourful, pictorial book edition of the well-known Hans Andersen story of the humble soldier who finds an old tinder box which brings him not only riches but the highest position in the land. £1.05.

### Three Ancient Kings

Barbara Leonie Plead superbly retells stories of heroic kings made famous in epic, saga and legend: Gilgamesh, King of Erich, Hrothgar, King of Denmark, and Canary, High King of Ireland. £1.25.

### Ant and Bee Go Shopping

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## People from oblivion

MAGNUS MAGNUSSON

Introducing Archaeology  
(370 01568 1)

T. G. H. JAMES:  
*The Archaeology of Ancient Egypt*  
(370 01566 5)

RONALD HARKER:  
*Digging up the Bible Lands*  
(370 01569 X)  
Bodley Head. Illustrated. £1.95 each.

"Archaeology is digging up people, not things." The words are from Magnus Magnusson's introductory volume to his new series of 'Bodley Head Archaeologies' and the attitude, judging from this and the other two books which have appeared so far, is clearly to be characteristic of the whole.

It is refreshing because it should be said at once that these are not books aimed specifically at the young. They are being reviewed in a section devoted to children's books because the young, whose interests are still being formed, may be expected to gain most from them, but while they are certainly simple and lucid in their explanations, and clear and well planned in their illustrations, they also assume a degree of serious interest in a reader who, otherwise, may be anyone from eight to eighty.

All three authors deal in a competent, matter-of-fact way with the increasingly complex array of scientific tools available to the modern archaeologist but without succumbing to the depressing view that the exercise of imagination is a matter for children and readers of women's magazines, unsuited to the serious student.

Mr Magnusson's own book, *Introducing Archaeology*, is particularly strong on the romantic appeal of the subject and of the circumstances surrounding the lives of the earliest man in the field—men like the famous Italian giant, Belzoni, who at one time made his living as a strong man in an English circus. Yet he can make the restoration of an old stone engine or the examination of tree-rings as exciting in their ways as any more spectacular undertakings. He traces the development of 'back-looking curiosity' from the very earliest times, from the Babylonian king Nabonidus in the sixth century BC, to the recent growth of underwater archaeology and the raising of the massive rock temples at Abu

Simbel, taking in everything from Machu Picchu in Mohenjo-daro on the way. As a handy reference book of what, where and when - not to mention why - *Introducing Archaeology* must surely be unbeatable.

It would probably be too much to expect the entire series to live up to the same high standard of comprehensive enthusiasm, but both *The Archaeology of Ancient Egypt* and *Digging up the Bible Lands* most perhaps the most felicitous of titles? may be recommended.

Ronald Harker was *The Observer's* link-man in London for the Masada expedition of 1963-65, and it is Masada, as might be expected, which lies at the heart of his book. He writes as one who knows both the site and the expedition's leader and moving spirit, Yigael Yadin, and traces both the tragic story of the rock's last defenders and the exhilarating one of its excavation with skill and sympathy. The illustrations to this section are particularly good.

Most topical of the three is, of course, T. G. H. James's book on ancient Egypt but those who are only looking for more about the treasure

of Tutankhamun should be aware that this is only one of the deals with unworldly money. This book is equally interesting in its own right, as easy to get lost among the dynasties, although it does give a valuable chart, but this book chiefly does, again introducing the great Egypt themselves, is to make one the sheer length of time involved. Mr Magnusson quotes the tenth-century writer John I. as an example of the 'loosey' which infused the earliest antiquarians but Aubrey's well stand as a fitting epitaph on the book.

These Remains are *Introducing Archaeology* like fragments of a wreck that after the Revolution, many years and (given the more dangerous) the Hanks taken Zele. So that the rest, these things from oblivion, resembles the Art of the Ge. who makes those work and age have been in their graves for hundreds of years; and to represent the places, Customs and that were of old times.

## Camera clues

MARCUS CROUCH

Detective in the Landscape in South-East England  
Longman Young Books. £1.35.  
1582 15070 1)

Man and nature together have transformed the landscape of south-east England. The changes have been greater here than elsewhere. An informed imagination is called upon to re-create scenes long vanished. Through Marcus Crouch's aptly chosen photographs and explanations the palimpsest begins to reveal to young readers the underlying picture. Or rather, succession of pictures on which the visible twentieth-century scene is superimposed. In company with the writer and his camera we traverse Kent, Sussex and Surrey, to pause beside Iron Age forts and Roman roads, circles of Neolithic huts and the stately houses of their descendants; or the tombs and hatchments of these latter in country churches, where the carved figures of 'fat-jawed, arrogant nobles' show the sculptor as more honest than the epitaph.

Marcus Crouch describes the landscape, as it is and as it was, in easy, friendly tones. He illustrates, he has an eye for the past, and apart from his own as a historical introduction to the region his book must appeal to a wide range of readers. A few are not identical, and one of the Pilgrims' Way appears to be captioned on successive pages.

Here and there readers are impelled to try a historical detection for a selves will receive a single farm name, or the discovery of old iron workings in the Weald, or even a glimpse of a Country. And, it is suggested, might be rewarded for exertion lost seabed at the Wansley, once separated Thetford from mainland. But such hints are the of its passing. Young detective the landscape, equipped with general knowledge of the history as is here provided, with their own problems to investigate.

### OLDER FICTION

## Playing Florence Nightingale

EMMA SMITH:

No Way of Telling  
Bodley Head. £1.50. (370 01236 4)

A. C. STEWART:  
Elizabeth's Tower  
Faber and Faber. £1.75. (571 09874 6)

DOROTHY CLEWES:  
Storm over Innish  
Heinemann. £1.45. (434 93285 X)

To be given a chance to play Florence Nightingale in earnest, as opposed to infantile doctors-and-nurses, may be many a young girl's dream (mother, healer, life-giver, after all) and if the receiver of such attention happens to be a convenient father-figure and, what's more, one who is in grave danger, the dream is perfect. For this reason these three new novels will have a certain romantic appeal if nothing else. They are all concerned to a greater or lesser extent with a young girl's efforts to help an injured, and in two cases hunted, male. Much the best of the three is Emma Smith's *No Way of Telling*. Set in the snow-bound hills of Radnorshire, the story is a gripping one. Into the isolated white world that Amy and her grandmother share come a series of terrifying intruders. Those who are trusted most turn out to be the most evil, and vice versa.

The plot is complex but beautifully sustained. Thoughtful, cheerful Amy and her kindly, pragmatic, team-making grandmother (she reminds one a little of that other resourceful creation of Emma Smith's, Emily Guinness) spend four agonizing days engulfed in snow, terrorized by a sadistic superman (in good Richard Widmark role) and his brute companion. Risking her life, Amy finally reaches help and both saves and is saved by the true hero, the hunted man, Emma Smith's careful attention to detail, the sensation of breathing in cold air, brushing snow off coats or windcreens, helps to make this a vivid as well as exciting story. One readily lives in the little cottage with its white blocked windows, spluttering candles, settle and gleaming brass.

Amy's real father is alive but unknown to her, living in Australia. Elizabeth's father, in Mrs Stewart's new book, is also something of a stranger, a captain in the army serving abroad. Both their mothers are dead, but, unlike Amy, Elizabeth feels unloved and unwanted by the

uncle and aunt with whom she lives. She therefore idolizes her father. An intriguing character, she is highly intelligent and self-composed but feels isolated from those around her. Her relationship with the mysterious injured man she hides and nurses in her 'tower' gradually blossoms as together they outwit a spy ring. Though perhaps not the most convincing spy story (unlike *No Way of Telling* the villains are mere ciphers) the novel is emotionally convincing and is neatly resolved by the unexpected ending. Elizabeth's father is proved a traitor and so her friend is able to fulfil his role as father-substitute. Oddly enough, both these books end with their heroines going off to Australia: good for recuperation, no doubt.

Letty, in *Storm over Innish*, is not fatherless but brotherless. Her brother was drowned four years before the story begins, and this time it is a brother-substitute who has to be nursed back to life. Letty discovers him washed up by the sea, only half alive and suffering from amnesia. The novel is obviously

intended for older children (Letty is fifteen and writes essays on *Wuthering Heights*). She lives with her parents on their own island. The family has drifted apart, but without apparently affecting Letty who is a happy, unremarkable girl. It takes the stranger to pull them together again. He is the ghost of her lost brother and is at first totally rejected by Letty's mother. Gradually she is won round to him and gradually he regains his memory. He seems, however, to suffer very little angst at his strange plight. It is here that the story fails. One is unconvinced by the amnesia. While trying to paint the island house, Finn paints his own Hampstead house instead (in a trance?). He knows his age (necessary to establish him as the same age as the lost brother) but nothing else.

Older readers will find it all unsatisfying (the romance between the two is confined to hand-holding on the last page) and the plot is too contrived to appeal to those who might not have minded this lack of convincing characterization.

## Landscape with tower

MARION SAUNDERS:

Fen Blow  
Macmillan. £1.60. (333 13511 3)

The blankness of the Fens seems a mystery to which a tower such as Ely's only hints at solution. This is the landscape well exploited in Marion Saunders's *Fen Blow*. Two school-girls of the cathedral town spend a week with an aunt in the Fens. They experience a Fen-blow—one of the most striking episodes in the book—which begins as a phenomenon of neural soil erosion and ends as something much more sinister.

Over in the sky where the trees should have been outlined, a darkness was gathering again. As they looked, it divided itself into three black swallows, slowly moving from side to side, three concentrations of soil dancing there in the sky, holding hands in a line. The hill was merely the eye of the blow and as it passed the wind started to roar again and the dance got thicker—set to the right, set to the left, turn, turn, turn, turn. Folk-dancing in the sky. The outer figures stepped back a pace and the middle one came forward dancing across the field towards them.

"Hie!"

When everything has blown over, the girls find themselves trapped in the distant past with a witch-like girl, Nene, who plots and spells against the cathedral tower. She has a toad and a black peacock as familiars, and temporarily ensnares one of the girls as her accomplice. She brings the medieval tower down; but through her, too—in a way which must not be revealed, for fear of spoiling the story—the girls save the later tower which has survived to their own day.

All this is lively enough, but weakened by a thinness in the relationship—witchcraft aside—between the present and the past. In confrontation, should people of today and of the Middle Ages communicate so effortlessly? Would there be no astonishment, confusion, fear on either side? In fact, in spite of any careful costuming in lripipes and the rest, such medieval people are really a narrative hoax. Young readers may enjoy an exciting story, but they are being cheated of the true wonder and strangeness of other times, with other modes of thought and feeling.

## Rebellion on Skye

MARGARET MACPHERSON:

The Battle of the Braes  
Collins. £1.25. (00 184060 6)

Crofton agitation is the theme of Margaret MacPherson's latest book, set in the Braes townships on the Isle of Skye in the 1880s. She raises the insoluble human problem of rebellion which is morally wrong but physically necessary and we see it through the eyes of Sam Nicolson, a semi-literate fourteen-year-old, who straps just enough of the legal details of tenant v landlord to make the central thread lead to us against the background of daily life on Skye. The character we respect most in the book is Sam's grandfather, a country: Modern, an Italian child living in a comfortable London home, is kidnapped by some Italian street entertainers—the silt walkers. The plot creaks rather and the style is undistinguished. The best things in the book are the descriptions of the Crystal Palace by day and by moonlight, and the description of a man, a piece of lightweight Victorian adventure for holiday reading.

and successfully carry off their prisoners, including Sam's unimpaired grandfather. The author has read the newspaper reports of the time and describes the wretched struggle vividly: we sense the reality of this sub-human behaviour, being aware of modern similarities. She offers no open comment—the whole history of the Highland Evictions is too bitter for simple moralizing—we just have to watch these horrifying events and hope for better things.

Sam Nicolson is an irrepressible, cocksure boy who has hope and freshness in him, which relieves the grimness. He dreams of being shepherd to a great flock on Ben Lee and to the modern southron his ideal is touchingly humble: there is no patronizing idea that he and his generation could 'better' themselves.

### And also...

ELIZABETH KYLE: *The Silt Walkers*. Heinemann. £1.45. (434 94675 3) Another historical novel, by Elizabeth Kyle, has its setting near Hyde Park in 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition. It is an excursion into Wiltshire Collins country: Modern, an Italian child living in a comfortable London home, is kidnapped by some Italian street entertainers—the silt walkers. The plot creaks rather and the style is undistinguished. The best things in the book are the descriptions of the Crystal Palace by day and by moonlight, and the description of a man, a piece of lightweight Victorian adventure for holiday reading.

W. TOWNS CUTT: *Message from Ark-mae*. André Deutsch. £1.05. (233 95659 X) A weird tale of the Kelpies, Selkies and Paltos who live in the seas off the Orkney Island of Sanday. A plea for the protection of dolphins and seals, the story is full of mysterious creatures; seals who sing moonlight warnings of the fate of mankind, mermaids with the foreparts of horses and Finman, a 200-year-old magellan, who has silver feet and huge hairy hands. Not for the too sceptical, but it may appeal to those who are prepared to exercise a pretty willing suspension of disbelief.

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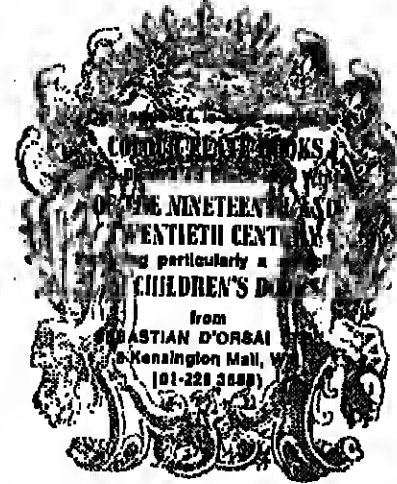









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# Black is beautiful

**EDWARD CHITHAM:**  
**'The Black Camlry'**  
Illustrated by Graham Humphreys.  
Longman Young Books. £1.60. (582  
15040 41.

The whims of change have scarcely reached guide force as far as coffee table genre books are concerned. *The Black Country* is therefore to be welcomed because it is a straw which indicates the blowing of at least a breeze down the cybernetic corridors of popular history. None will pass any O levels on the strength of having read this book, nor will they be enabled to escape into a fantasy world of pump and pageantry. But it is conceivable that they may achieve the much greater blessing of an awareness that the indistinguishable streetscape amidst which their lives are lived can be a source of constant interest, setting their own existence in the context of generations of living history.

This slung heap, that much-laden stretch of canal, the words "Victorian Park" on a board at the entrance to a half-bald patch of open space, the miller's shed at the foot of each of a row of workmen's cottages, these are the clues by which the author traces this tale. A fascinating tale it is, too, whereby a curiously self-contained community is yet revealed to have been, and still is be, in a state of constant flux and development right down the centuries. The blackness of the Black Country is by no means to be attributed solely to the Industrial Revolution, and the sections relating the origins of the coal and iron industries, for example, are of interest far beyond the purely local.

Mr Chitham is therefore to be congratulated on having introduced the

tempt of integrating studies into a territory notoriously the victim of the Romantic tradition. At the same time, regretfully, because his way in to the material is infectious, it must be admitted that the intention of the book does not quite come off. Somehow, the author's relish for showing the paces of his hobby horse emerges in rather muted prose. The reason is surely that the new respect for the common man of the past as the stuff of history, which this book exemplifies, necessarily implies other changes: it must be accompanied by an equal regard for the common man of today as student and reader. The predigestion of material before it is presented for consumption is the hallmark of the traditional teacher: it can have no place in the relationship with the student in modern times. More confidence in the capacity of the ordinary reader to derive benefit from exposure to original sources, more scope for the common man of the past to speak directly to his modern contemporary, would have ensured for this book the reception its subject merits.

As the price of books increases, paperback reprints are more and more welcome: librarians, however, need books in hard covers and the Bodley Head usually asked librarians which titles from their backlist they would most like to see reprinted, and we have issued the following titles at prices ranging between £1 and £14.41: *Paul Ikenia: The Street Musicians*; *Eleanor Estes: Gumbo Pie and The Middle-Mojito*; *Margaret Stacey: Kate and the Smelly Tree*; *Elizabeth Stoney: Alucard's Bullets*; *Gerold Rafferty: Snow-Clond, Niall*; *Wesley, Rolf Sawyer's* pleasant and useful collection of stories and carols for the end of the year, *The Lungs Christmas*.

## BOOK NEWS

With supreme efficiency, Elaine Moss and Hamish Hamilton (in association with the National Book League and the British Council) have already produced their *Children's Books of the Year 1971* (paperback, 75p). Mrs. Moss has chosen 32 books from the 2,000 or so produced last year "chosen to give an overall picture of the year's good publishing for children, bearing in mind the different needs of English-speaking children the world over where parents, teachers and librarians are trying to meet". These 32 books can be hired, on application to the National Book League's Education Officer, for a very modest fee. Mrs. Moss's notes on each book are models for us all kindly, discerning and informative.

Perhaps this is a good moment to offer a bouquet to Kaye Webb for *Puffin Post*. This splendid quarterly, which is posted to members once every holidays and twice in the summer, is meant mainly for the eight to twelve, but often entertains people from six to sixty. Jill McDonnald's brilliantly comic covers and pictorial asides keep the bookworms in their places and the members themselves provide puzzles, pretexts and jokes as well as book reviews. Distinguished Puffin authors write stories and articles, and are dragged off unprotesting to Puffin parties. In March, on a fifth birthday celebration, Yehudi Menuhin became the club's president, and has already invited 50 Puffinners to a rehearsal in Southwark Guildhall on July 18. Puffinners get handsome badges, a book of rules and secret codes, Puffin bookplates and

notepaper and endless opportunities for amusement with their friends. The magazine is of the highest markable value, so it is not to learn that there have already 100,000 members.

This year's August children's literature takes place at Saint Exeter from August 14 to 15. I am concerned with what Kevin Holland last year called "the ant and corselet world of children's literature" will, if it hopes again leave "having discovered themselves a sense of place, excitement renewed, a new and responsibility" (cited in *Thwaite*) will open the eyes of Gillian Avery that year's award winner is among the speakers.

Gillian Avery, Helen Crews, Rosemary Sutcliffe were con-  
for the 1971 Carnegie Medal  
was won by Ivan Southall  
(Angus and Robertson); the  
Greenaway Medal for a  
book illustration was given  
Pienkowski for *The King of  
the Sea*, by Ivan Aikoe.

With all these excellent books it is sometimes hard for the person to know where to get them: the Library Association (Young Libraries Group) has recently issued an interesting list, compiled by Lance C. called *Special collections of the literature*, a guide to rolling libraries and other organizations in London and the Home Counties. (10s.)

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# Between the wound and the work of art

# THE REDUCTIONIST BIAS OF PSYCHOANALYSIS



*The "Maddalena della Scala" by Michelangelo.*

And even an apparently specific memory, he emphasizes, would not have been a simple imprint but a knot of facts and fantasies about his tragic home life, relevant to the kind of music he was to compose. The music—and all other genuine manifestations of art—are thus not mere psychological documents, nor fantasies packaged for sale, but real creations growing from their makers' early conflicts.

Conflicts: here is the word that begins to betray a certain poverty in the classical Freudian view of art and culture. What has been so divided about Freud's discussion of Leonardo da Vinci, says M Fernandez, is the idea that Leonardo could have been "governed from afar all his life by the conflicts of early childhood". But why governed by *conflicts* only—why not inspired by satisfactions, that produce courage and art rather than fear and illness? In Van Gogh's pictures, he says, we can trace the course of "a character neurosis explicable in terms of psychological mechanisms", and he does trace such progress in the artist's relation to his work. In no real way does it illuminate what Van Gogh, most modest of men, knew about himself: "To get up enough heat to melt that gold, those flower-tones, it isn't any old person who can do it." Indeed not.

Repeatedly M. Fernandez's aristocracy betrays his conception of artistic work as "one variety of dance against reality, rather than a celebration and recreation of it." Leonardo's motivation as an artist was to "replace a traumatic memory by a happy fantasy [fantasme]." Works of art are raised "as refuges, to divert and exorcize a not fully mastered childhood situation". Art as defence, as refuge, as illusion, as renunciation, as substitute, as reparation: nearly all psychodynamically oriented scrutiny of art, even from writers as diverse and sensitive as Ernst Kris and Adrian Stokes, still assumes the loss, and not the satisfaction to be the basic reason for creating. Can an aesthetic theory be valid which places such stress on deprivation *rather than* on the extraordinary *fullness* that permits art to be made at all, and persevered in against all odds and reason? What are the experiences, neither traumas nor conflicts, that give the artist such certainty that what he is doing is worthwhile—in irrational certainty that proves to contain rationality of the highest order?

M. Fernandez accuses the opponents of a psychoanalytical criticism of being too low cowardly to dethrone the artist/father-figure from his lofty status and see him as a motif. Reversing the psychoanalytic spotlight on him, it might as pertinently be asked whether those who in all sincerity can see art only as a reaction to deprivation are actually as envious of the energy and health (as well as pain) that it manifests. The error of reasoning which nevertheless makes a clear distinction (Freud himself *did* make this distinction) between art and symptom surely requires some such explanation. Psychoanalysis has above all been a psychology of the nameless that "the obscure workings of a fantasy and impulse that lead to a work of art are the same as those that lead to neurosis, madness and crime". Yes, as the man who stumbles and the nun who runs use the same muscles. "To persuade

himself that he is not a prisoner within his hell, the writer's ruses are infinite." Seeing the artist as a marvellous mystery is unrealistic, but it is slightly less so—and considerably more generous—than seeing him as a soul in hell, and an infinitely dishonest one.

When he turns from theory to his detailed studies of Michelangelo

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Mozart, and Proust. M. Fernandez's critical approach, which despite its ambiguity could be illuminating in some hands, fails badly. He is, in theory, aware that art is no mere psychological document or packaged fantasy: in practice he shows no real awareness of what makes these artists' works demand a different order of judgment. They are treated basically as if they were patients whose unconscious rises must be exposed, because they are causing trouble—not art. This is discussing Michelangelo's life and work in terms of his mother's early death, of the fear of rivaling his father which caused him to leave works unfinished, of his unhappy and masochistic temperament, and of his homosexuality, the links that might really illuminate the work are not made, and this seems to arise, not from a total inapplicability of psychoanalysis to art, but from its too easy abuse when the formal message of picture, statue, or music is not understood.

Two examples of this abuse may be cited from M. Fernandez's discussion of Michelangelo. He interprets the artist's successive depictions of the Virgin in the light of his mother's death during his childhood. In Michelangelo's Virgins, M. Fernandez sees an indifferent coldness, the coldness of his mother's early withdrawal to death. The superb "Madonna della Scala", for instance, he describes as "an upright, rigid mother who does not lean towards her child, a grave face that does not relax for her child, a gaze fixed on the distance that does not look at her child. A mother indifferent to her child, absent to him, as he rests on her knees like a stranger, a burden. What bond is there between this mother and this child?" From the "coldness of her carriage, the desolate fixity of her gaze", M. Fernandez considers that the drapery held round the child's head is acting as "an extra screen placed between mother and child, as though she wished to keep him out of her sight (if her eyes were lowered, hide him, forget him, remove him, repulse him, leave him for ever".

Even apart from the clearly visible fact that the drapery is round the child rather than screening him from his mother, it is hard to imagine an interpretation that could more flatly contradict every visual message of this work. Solemnity and naturalness, awe and humanity, have surely seldom been more lucidly combined in a Christian image. The whole circular composition of drapery and flesh that is at the centre of the relief depicts a child and mother who are still almost one being, scarcely separate. Her draperies curve into his shoulder, down to the small hand resting against and towards her strong supporting one, the line flows up again in drapery to the curve of the other hand supporting his head, and round in the folds of fabric again. Visually they are one indivisible pattern and, almost, the child is still in the womb; but the firm modelling of his back and shoulder show him to be potentially distinct and strong. To ignore the flexible strength of the mother's hands and the entire trustfulness of the sheltered child's pose, in order to read coldness, rigidity, indifference into the mother's face is surely quite



Michelangelo's "Sainte Famille Dead".

willful ignorance of that "simple analysis of forms". Where did the orphaned Michelangelo find the health and energy to make this image at the age of sixteen?

Again, M. Fernandez reinterprets the Doni "Holy Family" in the same light and again denies the evidence of his eyes. In this most well known of Michelangelo's paintings, the Virgin leans backwards, Joseph stands behind her, and the child is perched between, leonine interpretation, discussed by M. Fernandez, suggests that Christ may be represented here as hidden forward from the pagan world to bring the new Christian one into being. He himself argues, however, that the child is on the contrary being handed back to Joseph, representing Michelangelo's family situation when his mother died and "handed over" the young Michelangelo to his father. The whole movement of the upper part of the picture, as well as the muscular stresses and the directions in which the figures are looking, indicate that the child is being handed forward. As a modest experiment, the reproduction of the picture has been shown to four individuals at random; all of them saw it this way.

#### Mozart and his father

From the chapter on Mozart, one other application of the method will be discussed. The author analyses the plots of Mozart's operas in terms of his undoubtedly oppressive relationship with his father. This is interesting, though not entirely new. In particular M. Fernandez refers to one of Leopold Mozart's more unpleasant letters to his son, in which he warns him that if he makes a foolish marriage he is likely to die in penury, a forgotten musician, with his wretched wife

inadequate interpretations of works of art can be traced back to a mistaken idea of what it is that artist and audience do; and this in turn he traces to a bias in psychoanalysis, underlying conception of human experience. I consider the criterion of "reality" implicit in Freud's statement that what the artist "does in play produces emotional effects, thanks to artistic illusion, just as though it were something real" (revelation of the artist's "symbolic" life) and that "thanks to artistic illusion, symbols and substance are able to provoke real emotions".

This conception of symbol and play as secondary to "reality" has still left psychoanalytical criticism, arises no doubt partly from the nineteenth century's confident rationalism and partly from the fact that psychoanalysis grew up as a branch of medicine, concerned with the cure of disturbed thinking.

Michel Trilling has analysed this most acutely. Since patients come to the analyst, he points out, because they are hindered by obsessions that are out of touch with current day-to-day reality, a tacit agreement is made with the analyst that for practical purposes this common sense reality shall be their reference point and be real to all. So there were for Freud, says Trilling, "the polar extremes of reality and illusion. Reality is an honorific word, and it means what is there; illusion is a pejorative word, and it means a response to what is not there". As a result art and religion were (further inevitably) cast into the "not really true" pigeonhole along with phobia, daydream, and hallucination. Yet of course most human beings, in perfect sanity, would agree that the experiencing of "reality" is not tied in a simple way to provable facts.

Further beyond this lies the whole conception, which has recurred so often in Western thought, of a human mind firmly divided into a "lower" and a "higher" compartment: of a crude and chaotic primary process refined by secondary elaboration, of id and ego, of base desires sublimated into higher ones, of regression back in chains, in progress (painful, always) upward to culture, art, and all socialization thus have this bitter flavour of substitution, remuneration. It is the wicked but exciting hell of what is "primary"; above, in a civilized and rather dispirited heaven, are culture, art, religion, morality. It is a partial truth, but it leaves out the basic satisfactions of constructing social, moral, and artistic patterns. It is doubtful whether even among all the struggle and pain recorded in the letters, journals, and conversations of artists, any reflection of this divided outlook could be found.

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#### The writer seen as patient

It is exactly this misunderstanding about where real truth is to be found that M. Fernandez shows in extreme form when he writes of *A la recherche du temps perdu* that it is "not an instrument for exploring the truth, but exactly the contrary: the means of permitting Proust to hide, behind apparently exhaustive explanations, the hidden motives for illnesses, neuroses, and vices".

Proust is taken for a patient, not a writer; the truth is taken to lie in the suppressed details of his life, not within the structure of the recreated world of *A la recherche*. Chive Bell was much closer to the truth when he wrote that "*A la recherche du temps perdu* is a shape in time... and that the power of the work and of all art 'has to do with order, sequence, movement and shape'".

Order, sequence, movement and shape: Freud did in fact make the discovery that the mind instinctively turns to these even relaxed in sleep. But because the dream processes—condensation, junction of contraries, concretization of ideas, patterns of imagery and elaboration of metaphor, in other words the basic symbolic laws of the imagination—

could be found in illness, they are what is "not real" Freud's blind spot, and this in turn he traces to a bias in psychoanalysis, underlying conception of human experience. I consider the criterion of "reality" implicit in Freud's statement that what the artist "does in play produces emotional effects, thanks to artistic illusion, just as though it were something real" (revelation of the artist's "symbolic" life) and that "thanks to artistic illusion, symbols and substance are able to provoke real emotions".

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## To the Editor

### 'Internal Colloquies'

Sir,—The bright, smothering breeziness of the reviewer of L. A. Richards's *Internal Colloquies* irritates me more than the reviewer of L. A. Richards's *Internal Colloquies*, though begun material furnished by these "Internal Colloquies" will quote a good one. "Hope" that the reviewer lists ably, but "I don't in the manner we call 'hope' or consider, apparently because a human's space after quoting so many And art speaks to us in other lines, he despises, and devoting because it speaks the entire-third of his brush-off piece to a and shape language of a slide on Harb.

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### 'The Awkward Class'

Sir,—As I lived in a rural area of Soviet Russia in the year 1922-23, and worked among the peasantry, may I be allowed to contribute some observations on points which arise in the review of Mr. Shamin's *The Awkward Class* (July 7)?

The district was Buzuluk, near Samara, guberniya, and I was helping to administer famine relief. Three matters in the review can perhaps be illumined from my personal experience. The *mir* system. Contrary to the myth, popular among Russian and other social writers, that the *mir* was a proto-

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### 'Mansfield Park'

Sir,—It strikes me that the interest of moral theory (about amateur acting) tends to distract critics from the story. The objection to this performance is simply that Fanny would not do it if he were at home, as he does when he happens to turn up—immediately, with complete indifference to the feelings of the guests. The heroine does not explain her objection because she is a poor relation—it would seem too sanctimonious if she said to the others: "You ought to obey your father." They are not surprised when Fanny forbids it, as the guests are. Jane Austen was trying to be specially religious here, and it makes the tone rather strained at times; she defends the action of Fanny in minor ways, though she grants that the other guests would think it savage. Fanny has just returned from the slave plantation in Antigua, and probably officers, in the famous phrase, "too much live stock within doors here". After all, the best the author can do for him at the end is allow him to discover rational grounds for repentance.

WILLIAM EMMISON.  
Hampstead, London NW4.

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type of moral socialism, I found it to be a system in which self-interest was carried to its ultimate degree. The land was redistributed annually, and in theory every household had its proportionate share of good, medium, and poor arable, etc. The result of this was, of course, the strip system which has been the bane of peasant farming from earliest times. In practice, partly owing to the complexities of the strip system, partly owing undoubtedly to the distortions caused by the civil war and the 1921 droughts, various factions, but mainly that of personal dominance in the village, led to the redistribution being far from just; and after each redistribution complaints of trickery and mutual recriminations were many.

The *kollektiv* process. In Buzuluk, and doubtless throughout the famine area and beyond, far from any levelling process taking place, there was accentuation of the differentiation between poorer and richer peasants. Although the drought and consequent famine affected all the peasants, there were those who for various reasons managed to survive the disasters with grain in their granaries, their horses and cattle not eaten for food, their implements not sold to buy bread. Such peasants were able not only to survive, but to take over land and buy the livestock of their starving neighbours, to make them tenants at exorbitant rates of interest, and to force them to give their labour in exchange for food. The result was a great increase in the wealth of the fortunate or shrewd peasants, and they became the new *kulaks*. "New", because in fact many peasants who had been comparatively well off until the drought failed to survive in that state. I saw more than one *kulak*, the outlying hamlet of two or three linked round houses, where the land was cultivated by the *kollektiv* peasants, who were above the average, but which after the drought was deserted and the land was lying fallow.

The *increase in debt*. Surely there is a simple bio-sociological explanation of this phenomenon? After the civil war, and the end of the drought and famine, peasant families quickly built up their material means, but were ended by the old peasant view that every additional pair of hands was a bonus to the labour fund. It must be remembered that children—the goose girl, the boy drover—were brought into service at an early age. On the other hand,

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partly because of the consequent pressure on accommodation, and even more because of the age-old custom that a son on marriage set up his own household, with an allocation of land either from the *mir* or from the parents' holding, there was an inevitable increase in the number of *kollektivs*. The building of a house presented no great problem except where timber was scarce, and even then mud and wattle could be resorted to. Almost every peasant was capable, with family or neighbourly assistance, of building his own house, and adding extensions, granaries, stables, byres—as necessary and economically possible. This simple process of multiplication by division is still observable in Poland today, and undoubtedly it continued in Soviet Russia until the collectivization drive in the 1930s.

I may add that before committing the foregoing observations to writing I checked my impressions against articles I wrote at the time or shortly after my return to England. They confirmed my memories.

H. C. STEVENS.  
20 Alcey Road, London SE21 8AL.

### 'The Outline of History'

Sir, Reviewing a new edition of *The Outline of History* (June 30) your reviewer contents that it was an example of the author's "neutnant naively" for him to consider a national day of prayer after Dunkirk as superstitious. The reviewer holds that it was equally superstitious to hold, as Wells did, that the outcome of such displays was catastrophic; "he was", your reviewer remarks, "wrong in his forecast of the outcome". But was he?

One of the first national days of prayer in 1940 was followed by the capitulation of Belgium, a month later following another France sued for terms from the Germans. On January 1, 1942, there was an international day of prayer—and Manila fell! These are but a few examples of what followed days of prayer, enough, however, to suggest that Wells was not quite so far off the mark as your reviewer imagines.

R. W. MORRELL.  
Leicester Secular Society, Secular Hall, 75 Hinworth Gate, Leicester.

### Pound's life

Sir,—The review of Mary de Rachewiltz's *Directions* (April 21), which has just been shown to me, contains a number of surprising factual errors which you will perhaps allow an old friend of the family to correct for the record. Thus:

1. Olga Rudge is a violinist, not a pianist. It is a mistake that would be impossible for anyone with the slightest knowledge of the people concerned: incredible even for a reviewer who had no more than skimmed the pages of the book under review.

2. Olivia Shakespeare, Ezra Pound's mother-in-law, was no longer living in 1943 as your reviewer, but not the book itself, implies; she died in 1938.

3. Ezra Pound did not resume his broadcasts "after the *Repubblica di Salò*" (the Republic set up in northern Italy under the Germans in 1943-45), but after America's entry into the war (they were hardly a "very important

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source of income" an important point to make in any case).

4. Mary de Rachewiltz is the mother of two, not three, children.

JOHN IRI-MAYDINI.  
Via S. Caterina da Siena 46, 00186 Rome, Italy.

Our reviewer writes: "I am sorry for the factual errors Mr. Dunnington lists, which do not, however, seem to me of great significance. As for the financial importance of the broadcasts, I must disagree. From December 7, 1941, to July 25, 1943, Pound made approximately 125 broadcasts. The District of Columbia Grand Jury indicted me for payments of \$30 fine accepted for a broadcast on June 24 and of 700 fine for a broadcast on July 24, 1942. In the context of the period—Pound's bank assets in America were frozen, his father's US government pension was withheld, and Olga Rudge's house in Venice was sequestered as alien property (*Directions*, page 152)—it seems quite clear that the broadcasts were an important source of income. Writing of the later period, presumably mid-1943 to 1944, Mary de Rachewiltz indicates that Pound's "speeches and articles had to be written regularly; we now all depended on them for our subsistence" (*Directions*, page 171).

### 'The Hoodwinking of Madeline'

Sir,—As the unnamed proponent of the idea that "fickly" in the Jelliey transcript of Keats's sonnet on visiting the tomb of Burns might be deduced from the Folio text of *King Lear*, I should like to express my surprise at your reviewer's assumption (June 30) that it is enough to dispose of it to point out that we have no holograph of this poem. This is not very scientific fact did not escape me, or, I am sure, Professor Stillingfleet; nor would either of us deny that the obvious emendation "sleazy" is possible. But, since Jelliey is all we have got, what is wrong with adding, quite unobtrusively, a parallel which suggests that he may after all have got this word right?

J. C. MAXWELL.  
Balliol College, Oxford.

### Aphra Behn

Sir,—Following Mr. Atke's letter (June 30) drawing attention to the date of Aphra Behn's death being given incorrectly as 1729 in your review of my book *Women in Prison*, I should be grateful if you will allow me to make it quite clear that the date is given correctly as 1689 in the book itself.

ALISON ADBURGHAM.  
Medlar Tice, Gravel Path, Berkhamstead, Herts.

### 'The Penguin Companion to World Literature'

Sir,—Your printers are not to be blamed for automatically correcting what must have seemed to them a careless misstatement (July 7), but your Lowland Scots readers will have recognized that I intended to describe Professor Dalrymple's editorial task as a "sair dang", not as a "sair drag". Also the poet, Jorge Carrera Andrade, should have been described as Ecuadorian, not Brazilian.

YOUR REVIEWER.

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FOUND Margaret Smith came by the more exotic name of Stevie as a side effect of her smallness. Her family is reported to have nicknamed her after the jockey Steve Dromgou, small even by the exacting standards of his profession. She was born in Hull in 1902, where her father was a shipping agent, who deserted the family for the sea. Her mother took Stevie and her sister to London three years later, and she was to live the rest of her life in the same house in Palmers Green.

Her first poems appeared in *Granta* in the early 1930s. When she offered a collection, the publisher lobbied her off with the advice that she ought to write a novel instead—the result was *Novel on Yellow Paper*. Her first collection of verse—*A Good Time Was Had By All*—came the following year in 1937. In 1938 she published *Tender Only to One* and her fantasy novel, *Over the Frontier*.

At this time Stevie Smith seems to have maintained a short-lived commitment to the social awareness of the times. There is, for example, a fine prose poem, "Surrounded By Children", in a 1939 issue of the *New Statesman*, in which she gives a telling antithesis between children of the rich with their ferocious nannies, and children of the poor with their mothers, the catalyst of opposing affections being the death of an ugly old lady in the park. She also managed a few reviews for the *London Mercury*, which had welcomed her first books with rapturous but brief remarks. *Mother, What is Man?* appeared in 1942, and then there was a gap of seven years before her third and last novel, *The Holiday*. Her reputation as a novelist has never been secure and her fame as a poet came late. *Harold's Leap* in 1950 was followed after another seven-year gap by *Not Waving but Drowning*, and the by then substantial oeuvre was consolidated by *Selected Poems* in 1962, and *The Frog Prince* in 1966, which contained new poems and earlier work not in the selection. Recognition was finally confirmed with the award of the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry in 1969. Stevie Smith's last book *Scorpion* was published, posthumously, earlier this year; she died in March 1971.

Stevie Smith's family context and private milieu are so important that it is necessary to get them straight from the beginning. Her poetry is continuously drawn from a setting of denying gentility and a recognition of her own experience of Englishness. Personal loves and enmities expressed in her work issue starkly from her early experience of domestic unhappiness; there is a feeling of unforgiveness. One thinks particularly of certain passages in *Novel on Yellow Paper*, when she writes about her father and her paternal grandmother, and of poems like "A House of Mercy":

There were also two feeble babes, two girls,  
That Mrs S. had by her husband's hand,  
He soon left them and went away to sea,  
Nor sent them money, nor came home again  
Except to borrow back  
Her Naval Officer's Wife's Allowance  
from Mrs S.  
Who gave it him at once, she thought  
she stunk.

I was the younger of the feeble babes  
And when I was a child my mother died  
And later Great Aunt Martha Henry  
Clode died  
And later still my sister went away.  
Now I am old I tend my mother's sister  
The noble aunt who so long tended us,  
Faithful and True her name is, Tranquil.

Also Sordonic, And I tend the house.  
This, of course, is partly a re-hash of the novel; but although it is far from her best verse, it does serve to sum up the domestic situation. If we accept "A House of Mercy" as a typically "strange-peculiar" light on "I Rode with My Darling", a typically "strange-peculiar" light on the loss of a lover after an encounter with an "angel" in a dark wood at night. The implication is that a poetical spinsterhood of the mind, true to its loyalties and vocation, is for all its upsets and

heartbreak preferable to the ordinary run of womanhood.

Poems about childhood, especially mother and daughter relationships, are sufficiently numerous to enforce the particular importance of childhood in Stevie Smith's range of poetic material. There is a negative side to this, too: many of the childhood poems concern the disastrous outcomes of parental irresponsibility, in which the father is the prime villain, as in "Parents".

She had respect and love for children. Sometimes she believed

STEVE SMITH:  
Scorpion

With drawings by the author and an introduction by Patric Dickinson. 60pp. Longman. £1.50.

opposed as radically different types, Mary upholding love of life, Eve wishing a Hamletian "cessation of consciousness".

In some ways this main thematic current is a poetry of *ars inveniendi* in the face of daunting obstacles. But by *The Frog Prince* the death-

galloped about doing good; others enjoy the innocent response to nature, which they see, along with her manner, as refreshingly unlitigious; and others, in the Age of Graphics, like the idea of the "higher duelling" which frequently complements the verse.

Stevie Smith's style is, however, remarkably intricate, and the drawings are part of it. She has been compared to Blake; but if she is like Blake, it is a Blake whose innocent visionary control has been lured by the energy of Law-

## Search

Come in, Gentlemen,—he said. No inconvenience. Look through everything I have nothing to hide. Here's the bedroom, here the study, here the dining room. Here?—the attic for old things;— everything wears out, Gentlemen; it's full; everything wears out, so quickly too, Gentlemen; this?—a thimble;—mother's; this? mother's oil-lamp, mother's umbrella—she loved me enormously;— but this forged identity card? this jewelry, somebody else's? the dirty towel? this theatre ticket? the shirt with holes? blood stains? and this photograph? His, yes, wearing a woman's hat covered with flowers, inscribed to a stranger—his handwriting— who planted these in here? who planted these in here? who planted these in here?

YANNIS RITSOS  
Translated by Nikos Stangos

they had the inherent strength to ignore bad advice;

"Children who paddle where the ocean bad shelves deeply  
Must take great care they do not  
Paddle too deeply."

Thus spoke the awful aging couple  
Whose heart the years had turned to rubble.  
But the little children, to save any  
bother,  
Let it in at one ear and out at the other.  
But she was equally aware of child-  
ish savagery:

They photographed me young upon a  
tigh skin  
And now I do not care for kith and kin  
For oh the tiger nature works within  
Many of her poems about the ob-  
verse affections of children and  
women are elegantly misanthropic,  
like an much of modern fiction;  
some barely escape the criticism of  
being malicious, but they are usually  
arrested by a sense of moral affront,  
of love wasted and hence despicable.

If she had the almost painful  
ability to describe the musing up of  
childhoods by parental stupidity,  
much other poetry—that of unfulfil-  
ment, her characters' and her own—  
can be seen as a consequence of what  
happened in her early life. Although  
"I Rode with My Darling" might  
be more privately suggestive, some  
of her best dramatic poems—"Do  
Take Muriel Out", "Not Waving  
but Drowning" and "I Remem-  
ber"—draw from her sympathy  
with the unsatisfied, lonely or bewil-  
dered personalities that constantly  
recur in her poems.

The shadow diolcetic of the  
poems about loneliness eventually  
endorses Death, first as a wish  
that is evil, as in "Mr Over", and  
in "God and Man", which ends  
with two of her most musical lines,  
the rhymes marvelously tuned:  
Oh Man, Man, of all my animals  
dearest,  
Do not come till I call, though thou  
weakest first.

In other poems, notably "Saint  
Anthony and the Rose of Life" and  
"A Dream of Comparison", the  
forces of life defy the deathly gloom  
of religious purification, while in the  
later poem Mary and Eve are

wish is no longer desirously con-  
demned, and is in fact approved.  
When we reach the last poems,  
when actual death was so near to  
her, there are no ethical or religious  
qualms to the argument, no feeling  
that despair is being exaggerated, or  
that the death-wish is being in-  
dulged.

I feel ill. What can the matter be?  
I feel ill to have pily on me,  
But I turn to the one I know, and say:  
Come, Death, and carry me away.  
Ah me, sweet Death, you are the only  
God.  
Who comes as a servant when he is  
enough, you know,  
Listen to this sound I make, it is  
sharp.  
Come, Death. Do not be slow.

It is a fitting conclusion that  
Death should become the poet's  
deity. In the context of Stevie  
Smith's work it seems so harrowing  
right.

Reading Stevie Smith's books  
through is a task of sorting her  
authentic poems from a mass of  
quilleries. Her humorous light  
verse is delicious, and though one is  
grateful for a smile in a graveyard,  
or a mad, bad Byronic rhyme (lent a  
magenta) there is often very little  
else, although her clerihews are as  
good as some recent attempts at in-  
nuity.

Down where the Liffey waters' lurid  
Flood  
Churns up to greet the ocean-driven  
mud,  
A bruiser in a fix  
Murdered her for 6/6.

One often wants not to criticize  
Stevie Smith's poems, merely to  
accept them in the spirit or mood  
they create. They arouse not so  
much sympathy as a feeling of  
agreeable association; not so much  
the sense that one is reading good  
poems or bad poems but rather that  
one is experiencing a species of  
writing so uniquely the distillation  
of one set of circumstances as to fall  
outside all literary categories. There  
are some who rejoice in the sheer  
dotiness of the writing, the wilfully  
extravagant eccentricity of manner;  
others approve the comic invention,  
and that essential English type, the  
animal lover, does on the cat that

rence. Her sustained atahilionsness  
could only have been possible in her  
medium of Iraqi-comic facetious-  
ness. "Gloomish" is played in a  
deliberately peculiar style which  
makes it possible to flout banalities  
under the cover of jokes, comic  
skits, moral vignettes, character  
sketches, stories. Lines often smack  
themselves out of a sense of dug-  
gerel; and just how much art is  
actually involved in the process of  
transformation she is always at  
pains to disguise. Technique is made  
to appear in much a question of per-  
sonality it hardly counts. The effect  
is often piquant, a perverse har-  
bouring of mannerisms, a relish for  
the zany that can become tiring.

There is an intriguing dimension  
to Stevie Smith's work. It involves a  
tension between the colloquial  
speech of her class—in a setting of  
disappointment—and an archaic  
flavour of metre, verse and diction.  
The antithesis is both socially and  
artistically significant; she is very  
much the bard of distressed gentle-  
folk, of a vanishing ideal England  
which inherits emotional turgidity.  
At times she seems to be grand-  
standing the pre-Modernist prej-  
udices of those for whom this last  
true poet was Sir William Watson.

At her best, Stevie Smith was one  
of the most musical poets of her  
generation ("my poems are sonnet  
vehicles," she said in an interview:  
"The sea ran heavy on a cure  
Of hidden deep disturbance, ah before  
The dream came had an earthquake  
first  
The seabed burst....  
And the long reaching waves swing  
wide  
Sick with death's taste upon the  
And dead sea monsters with a deep  
Of open wounds upon the water  
apart.

Wordsworth and Tennyson have  
both visited these sonorous passages,  
just as Hood, Lear and Douglas  
might have whispered in her ear as  
she wrote her satirical and moral  
epistles, oring her to compile a  
Smith's Own comic-cum-grotesque  
almanac of illustrated entertain-  
ments.

She had a Victorian reluctance to  
dispense with the lyrical possibilities

of a ripe, mellifluous de-  
clated with morbidity, and a  
tendency to invigorate the  
for her own uses. Her art  
an art of the unexpected  
gloom, old words for new  
bars of soap in the soup  
language of the hymn  
unintelligible century poets  
ate to her vision of the po-  
public aftermath of Vapour,  
pectabilities and repression.  
Auden

Then, ah then, he said, follow  
the annum of 1969 the History  
of Art Department of the University  
of Manchester organized an inter-  
national symposium on French nine-  
teenth-century painting and literature  
but when she is concerned with special reference to the re-  
markably up to date, the range of literary subject-matter to  
all her own; spare, single, precise  
little old in its cadences, pros and specialists from Oxford,  
"Take Muriel Out" by Cambridge, Yale, Columbia, Kings  
and the college, Bochum, Lyon. The Court-  
house has always been a useful institute and Manchester took  
it in the longer poem, and the present volume, con-  
writing gets out of hand pined with footnotes and bibliog-  
ical examples in *Scorpion*, is an official  
"Bible", or "The House", and at once that the papers in this  
all. These admit bedlam, and varied, also that they  
have all the usual effects, a valuable contribution to the  
from the juvenile brand, cultural history of the period. Man-  
genre—changes of pace, meters, initiative in bringing all  
intention, finger-wagging, these specialists together was more  
lessly riveted lines that can justify from a teaching point  
momentous pause, and if view, and the present publication  
implied ironic moral. Wharves to emphasize how interper-  
left with is Miss Smith's art-historical faculties in other  
stories as art and the English universities are  
had had a higher opinion. The contributors have adopted dif-  
short story in which Great types of approach. There are  
surely have excelled. It seems who deal specifically with sub-  
surprise to learn that "Diets taken from literary sources,  
Over-Dew" originally appears of the period, and used in  
draft of a short story in *Diets*—hy, for example, Courbet

A poem like "Night" by Degas. There are those who deal  
England in the Voice, in the attitude to painting expressed  
during the war, suggests their writings by critics such as  
head of steam she had Baudelaire, Zola, Mallarmé and  
her eccentric style was exotist. And then there are others  
live when she applied it to discuss the more tenuous paral-  
outside the private world between literary and pictorial  
are typical farings in the poetry, as revealed in the works of  
lines rattle headlong into Hugo and Chilton Redon,  
unmistakably intoned.

astly, there are two contributions  
and freshly researched contributions  
are Allan R. Furst's analysis  
of "Zola's Art Criticism" and J. I.  
Austin's "Mallarmé and the Visual  
Arts". The former shows that she  
has understood Zola by understanding  
the fact that he was by nature a heli-  
gent who was inevitably drawn to  
take up his pen in defence of an un-  
recoverable Baudelaire et l'Ingrisme".  
We must think, surely, about Baudelaire's reactions to the  
victory and not about Baudelaire's reactions to the  
Perhaps America will have a shifting of Ingres's degenerate dis-  
and people; and Max Imdahl's short paper  
McGinnis in a Harrods's Gemma, whose point is to state  
very bad, perhaps; but it is it is ridiculous to think of look-  
ing the poem begins with the  
the poet's initial control of  
mound in which the absurd  
tives that come later  
amusingly inappropriate, it  
also seem too honestly  
essential style to be  
deliberate Art for Young People

England, you had better go  
There is nothing else that you  
You lump of survival value, you  
And the poem is closed with  
of patriotic fervour, un-  
deafness as part of a  
stated design than is usually  
to her work.

Stevie Smith is a problem  
the critic. She encourages  
two earnest, or too lax. Ver-  
tives no longer appeal to  
or practical imagination as  
to: the repeated poems of  
doubt, the to die or not to die  
could be called), upper-cum-  
ness or malefaction, the death  
the plain-faced, can be  
moral captioning; many  
poems are as much  
clouding" as her drawings  
interesting intelligence is  
her work—and it is a  
gence as much as the  
came from her despair.  
powerful, and far from  
he. Too many people  
only the surface in which  
guised it. And if there  
baroque cultural greetings  
across the centuries  
miser, it is because she  
loyal to her inner life  
style, she used to express  
career is a moving record  
tion, faithful to no fash-  
and quirky perhaps, but  
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interesting intelligence is  
her work—and it is a  
gence as much as the  
came from her despair.  
powerful, and far from  
he. Too many people  
only the surface in which  
guised it. And if there  
baroque cultural greetings  
across the centuries  
miser, it is because she  
loyal to her inner life  
style, she used to express  
career is a moving record  
tion, faithful to no fash-  
and quirky perhaps, but  
ingly honest.

## Between writers and painters

ing for the transposition of literary  
themes in the painters' paintings.  
The degree of interest and original  
thought is variable, and some of the  
most fascinating papers are by the  
less well-known participants. The  
remarkable paper by Theodore Rell  
on "Degas and the Literature of His  
Time", the most ambitious and im-  
portant in the volume, is already  
familiar, having been published in  
*The Burlington Magazine* in 1970.

Dean Senece's discussion of  
"Dillon Redon and Literature" is  
also an outstanding achievement. He  
investigates the paradoxical situa-  
tion that Redon, who was a passion-  
ate reader, had many close friends  
among the leading French and  
Belgian writers of his time, and who  
appears to be "the *literature*"  
painter *par excellence*, always  
denied that any literary influences  
were to be discovered in his work. Yet, as  
Professor Senece demonstrates,  
Redon devised illustrations for works  
by Flaubert, Baudelaire, Mallarmé  
and Bulwer Lytton, and derived evi-  
dent satisfaction from the variety of  
literary interpretations which his  
works inspired, many of them fea-  
turing the elements of mystery and  
ambiguity which he sedulously  
cultivated.

Alan Howness's paper on  
"Courbet's Early Subject Matter"  
covers familiar ground with labour-  
ed pedantry. The influence on his pic-  
torial imagery of the writings of  
George Sand and Champfleury, as  
well as the re-discovery of the paint-  
ings of the Le Nain brothers in the  
1830s and 1840s, has been recognized  
for years. Equally, Anne Cuffin  
Hanson's "Popular Imagery and the  
Work of Edouard Manet" adds  
nothing of importance to what has  
been published already, even by Mrs  
Hanson.

The two most surprising, intelligent  
and freshly researched contributions  
are Allan R. Furst's analysis  
of "Zola's Art Criticism" and J. I.  
Austin's "Mallarmé and the Visual  
Arts". The former shows that she  
has understood Zola by understanding  
the fact that he was by nature a heli-  
gent who was inevitably drawn to  
take up his pen in defence of an un-

popular but, as he believed, a valid  
cause. In the case of his defence of  
Manet and the Impressionists, Zola  
was convinced (correctly in fact)  
that the aims of the painters and  
those of the Naturalist writers were  
the same. He was prompted therefore  
in part by motives of self-defence.

Miss Furst is also particularly in-  
teresting on the visual consequences  
of Zola's myopia in early life. What  
did he really see in Impressionist  
paintings? Miss Furst emphasizes  
that he never gets down to describ-  
ing the brushwork and the use of  
colour. Moreover, his subsequent dis-  
illusionment with Impressionism and  
the painting of Zola's time corresponds  
to a period when he had taken to  
wearing glasses and his sight had im-  
proved. She also argues most intelli-  
gently that Zola's art criticism

Zola envisaged painting as illustrated  
thought, and not in terms of colour and  
content, light and shadow, pattern and  
form. Throughout his art criticism  
... he invariably dwells first and fore-  
most on the actual subject-matter. ...  
This overriding concentration on sub-  
ject-matter stems from another funda-  
mental misconception of Zola's art criti-  
cism, namely his worship of modernity  
as tantamount to realism. ... He failed  
to grasp many of the essentials of the  
visual arts: shape, perspective, satia-  
tion, composition, volume, tonal effects, per-  
spective of planes, drawing and model-  
ling.

The volume contains many fascinat-  
ing illustrations. But it suffers  
from unusually bad proofreading, so  
that misquotations and grave mis-  
prints occur more frequently than  
they should.

## Secondary sources

ALEXANDER DAVIS (compiler):

LOMA 1970

Literature on Modern Art: An  
Annual Bibliography

186pp. Lund Humphries. Paperback,  
£4.50.

This useful and professionally com-  
piled bibliography of newly pub-  
lished literature on modern art,  
edited annually under the direction  
of the Art Librarian at Lancaster  
Polytechnic, is making its second  
appearance. "The scope is 20th cen-  
tury art, including painting, sculp-  
ture, drawing, prints, ceramics,  
textiles, graphic design, photography  
and any other manifestations."

These limitations are not, however, too  
strictly observed, for just as  
Gauguin, Seurat, Van Gogh and  
C. R. Mackintosh are included as  
twentieth-century figures, so the con-  
cept of "fine art" is extended to  
include "car design and furniture  
art", although architecture is ex-  
cluded. Again, deliberate omissions  
include "newspaper articles, how-to-  
do-it books, very expensive limited  
editions and portfolios, very cheap  
small paperbacks, art books written  
for children, museum studies and  
aesthetics not solely concerned with  
twentieth-century art". More regret-  
tably, all "general works on Sym-  
bolism and Art Nouveau" have  
been excluded, although material  
relating to individual artists con-  
nected with these movements has  
been included.

As it stands, the listing covers  
5,328 published items which have  
appeared in some seven or eight dif-  
ferent languages. The indexing is  
divided into two basic categories—  
Artists and Subjects—entries in each  
being arranged alphabetically. There  
are separate sections for some 3,750  
individual artists, while some 65 in-  
ternal sub-divisions have been made  
under subjects: for example, Art  
Deco, Ceramic Art, Constructivism,  
Etruscan Art, Geometric Abstraction,  
and so on. A further measure of  
Mr Davis's industry is provided by  
the fact that his listing covers the  
contents of some 250 different period-  
icals and annuals, though he shows no  
interest in those published in Japan,  
Mexico or India.

## Wall game

GEORGE WINGFIELD DIGBY

with WENDY HEFFORD:

The Devonshire Hunting Tapestries

92pp plus 51 plates. HMSO. £7.50.

After the death of the tenth Duke  
of Devonshire in 1950 the four great  
fifteenth-century tapestries woven  
with hunting subjects which had  
almost certainly hung at Hardwick  
since before 1601 passed to the Vic-  
toria and Albert Museum in part pay-  
ment of death duties. It was as  
recently as 1899 that Arthur Strong  
(not Long as given here), the seventh  
Duke's Librarian, first drew atten-  
tion to their importance. At that time  
they were cut into strips that had  
been somewhat arbitrarily arranged  
and nailed to the walls of the Gallery  
by the "hachelor" Duke to "make  
the room warmer and give more  
space to the pictures", to use his own  
words. Thereafter they were sent to  
the V and A for reassembly under  
the supervision of the Decorative Needle-  
work Society. The restoration took an  
entire decade, after which they were  
returned to Hardwick. They can  
rarely have been seen by the public  
until all four entered national pos-  
session in 1957, except for a brief  
showing in the Royal Academy's  
Winter Exhibition in 1949-50.

Although the Devonshire Hunting  
Tapestries do not constitute a single  
set they are fragments of at least  
three or possibly four different sets  
and only one, the "Falconry", is  
likely to be a first weaving from the  
cartoons. They are nevertheless  
among the most important secular  
tapestries dating from the first half  
of the fifteenth century. The authors  
list and discuss numerous other sets  
of surviving hunting tapestries and  
also those known only from inven-  
tory records; while some of the for-  
mer may be of finer quality than the

Devonshire group, none so illumi-  
nates contemporary practice in  
the hunting of various sorts of  
quarry, ranging from bears and deer  
to otters and swans. The longest  
chapter in the book is devoted to this  
aspect of the tapestries and will be  
of very great interest to amateurs  
of venery as well as tapestry  
specialists.

Another chapter discusses the  
wide varieties of costume worn by  
the participants; even the role of the  
special type of medieval watermill  
which appears in the "Deer Hunt"  
has its own brief chapter. A particu-  
larly interesting section deals with  
the restoration and cleaning under-  
taken in Holland at the Haarlem  
workshops under G. J. Van Yers-  
sen which took from 1958 to 1964.  
This was necessary because the  
techniques and dyes used by the  
Decorative Needlework Society in  
the 1900-10 restoration were  
defective. The fact that the  
recent work took well over 100,000  
man-hours to complete gives some  
idea of the problems faced the cost of  
preserving such fragile survivals  
from the medieval period.

Probably no small group of tape-  
stries (not even the Musée de Cluny's  
world-renowned "Dame à la  
Licorne") has ever been accorded  
such treatment in depth as the  
Devonshire Hunting Tapestries are  
given here. The book is hand-  
somenly presented and richly  
illustrated with fifty-one plates and  
figures. If the offset process used  
for these leads to some clogging of  
detail in the monochrome illustra-  
tions, the eighteen details in colour  
give a truer idea of the quality and  
texture of the tapestries than brighter  
reproductions on calendered paper  
could have done. However, the  
book is unwieldy and the price some-  
what high for a museum publication.

UPPER ILS











versity courses for adults, those which offer education for education's sake and those which increase a professional or vocational skill. Professor Norman Jepson shows that the practical criminologist will seek to cut across the boundaries of academically examining the sentencing procedure needs to study social administration as well as criminology. Philosophy, literature, management studies, local history, and theatre studies all come under useful scrutiny in this volume.

## History

**BRIGGS, ASA.** 185f. 32pp. Historical Association. Paperback, 36p. An historian looks at England in the year of the Great Exhibition. It was a year when religious dispute shared public interest with the exhibition, amid the clamour started by the papal decision to restore a Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, and *The Times* fulminated against a foreign usurpation over the consciences of men. As Briggs glances too at other aspects of England in the mid-century, at its political life influenced by an underlying distrust of government, at the upward trend in agricultural prosperity, and at changing social attitudes reflected in its literature. His pamphlet is the eighteenth in the Historical Association's general series.

## Misc

**The Beatles Years.** Piano Vocal/Easy Organ. Edited by Ray Connolly. 130pp. Wise Publications. Distributed by Collier-Macmillan. Paperback, £1.95.

The blur describes this compilation as the story of the most famous group in modern times told through seventy of their greatest songs. Ten

years of words and music. Plus photographs, biographies, full colour illustrations by famous artists, complete guide to their recordings and a special article by the editor Ray Connolly. Much of the material is reprinted from the (inaccurately titled) *Beatles Complete* issued by the same publisher in the same format. The music is offered in minimal short score for keyboard, with guitar figuration; a convention as appropriate to a semi-improvised music as was eighteenth-century continuo; it is neither surprising nor regrettable that the printed score does not always tally with the sound of the recorded performance. The songs selected mostly come from the vintage years, though everyone will complain that no "indispensable" number has been omitted; the present reviewer is against the exclusion of "Because". The photographs are useful and the photographs—especially of baby Beatles—fascinating. The 1970ish art nouveau illustrations by these "famous artists" are a more dubious asset; even if one likes them, they seem in some ways alien to the pristine qualities of Beatles words and music. The biographies are blessedly brief and factual; so is the "special article", which helpfully charts chronological sequence but seems touchingly to equate value with monetary reward.

## Photography

**HEROEG, WALTER** (Editor). *Photographs '72*. 263pp. Zillich: Graphis Press. Distributed by Constable. £9.

This year's annual is a brilliant one and is perfectly printed as ever. Naked ladies are around, of course, though fewer than usual have been invited. Surrealism remains a strong element and there are clever tricks by the hundred. Precedent has been sensibly broken by the inclusion, for the

first time, of editorial material, and the sub-title now reads: "The International Annual of Advertising, Editorial and Television Photography". To celebrate the innovation Allen Hurthall, who was for fifteen years Art Director of *Look*, discusses the similarities and differences between advertising and editorial illustration in a brief introduction. The live sections cover advertisements, booklets, envelopes, invitations, Christmas cards, calendars, packaging, record covers, magazine covers, book jackets and editorial photographs. Some notable contributions among the 822 illustrations fall with captions in English, German and French include some nature shots in the Coca-Cola house magazine and a beautiful colour abstract symbolizing textiles. The colour abstract on the jacket looks fine too.

## Politics

**McNILL, DUNCAN H.** *The Historical Scottish Constitution*. 123pp. Edinburgh: Charles Skilton, Albyn Press. £1.50.

A curiously naive pamphlet, claiming that "the Scottish constitution evolved so as to give the people the power to control their rulers" so that Scotland was remarkably clear of turmoil and bloodshed in comparison with England. On the other hand "the English have not yet succeeded in bringing off the feat imposed by William the Conqueror but are content even today to have parliamentary approval for the wearing of them". The author does not give the impression of having even glanced at the records of the Scottish Parliament and Privy Council, and his credibility is not enhanced by his naming the greatest of Scottish jurists, Sir James Dalrymple, Viscount of Stair, as "Sir David Dalrymple, Earl of Stair".

## Psychology

**ANTHONY, SYLVIA.** *The Discovery of Death in Childhood and After*. 280pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. £2.95.

In the blurb this book is described as an enlarged and revised version of the author's earlier book *The Child's Discovery of Death*, reviewed in these pages in 1941. In fact it is a new book, using some of the data published before. The first book did its share in lighting the reluctance of modern man to discuss death. Firmly based on psychoanalytic theory the author discusses children's and adults' reactions to death. While some of the *interpretations* may seem far-fetched to the non-Freudian, one must admire Sylvia Anthony's wide reading. Her knowledge of world literature has become great and her ability to bring together ideas of poets, anthropologists, psychologists, psychoanalysts, philosophers and others makes the book fascinating reading.

## Sports and Pastimes

**MONKHOUSE, FRANK, and WILLIAMS, JOK.** *Clumber and Fell Walker in Lakeland*. 214pp. Newton Abbott: David and Charles. £2.85.

This book is not quite an attempt to do for the rock-climber what A. Wainwright has already done for the walker, but it is the result of similar systematic exploration, and though it does not claim to be exhaustive, it amounts, in effect, to a climber's pocket-gazetteer. The authors divide their region into several areas, each of which is given a preface of a short geographical survey in which directions and comments are minutely accurate and precise. There is a rather sketchy introductory chapter on the geology of the Lakes, together

with lists of peaks, crags, alpine climbing, and some taking photographs. The "maps", while not very pretty at all, are much to the point and save a good deal of time in the definition of the crags and centres.

**PEARCE, CYNTHIA R.** *The C. H. Fisher, 205pp. A and C.* £2.25.

Cynthia R. Pearce writes: "and authentically on trout fishing and makes an interesting reference to the part that plays in angling. He claims that crowded river banks are a population's preponderant sight but thinks that the short, white-haired man who sits on a bank will get some pleasure out of fishing. He cites Andrew Lang only once in his angling column, a trout rise to his fly and he is astonished to find it." The book is a gem.

## Travel and Topography

**DAVIS, DAVID.** *Certain Isles*. Personal Selection. 214pp. London: £3.95.

Starting with the Canaries, the author-world-wide among islands, interest for their history, topography, and the special atmosphere, descends in them. He classifies twenty-seven islands or groups, according to what he sees as peculiar qualities: some "golden", some evil, some included are scenes of war, places of refuge or of torture, others the haunts of pirates, others a chapter on "Vindicta", in which he considers the entirety of the Vinland Map, other evidences for a Viking colony of America.

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

### LIBRARIANS

**LANCASHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE**

NEWTON LEWIS COLLEGE, COLLEGE ROAD, NEWTON LEWIS, LANCASHIRE. Applications for the post of LIBRARIAN, full-time, to be made to the Director of Education, Newton Lewis College, Newton Lewis, Lancashire. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service in the Newton Lewis area. The post is full-time, 37 hours per week, and the salary is £1,100 per annum. The successful candidate will be required to hold a University Degree and a Diploma in Library Studies.

**THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION**

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The National Reference, Research, and Information Service, 100, Strand, London WC2R 0AL. Applications for the post of Assistant Librarian should be made to the Director of the Service, 100, Strand, London WC2R 0AL. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service in the National Reference, Research, and Information Service. The post is full-time, 37 hours per week, and the salary is £1,100 per annum. The successful candidate will be required to hold a University Degree and a Diploma in Library Studies.

**ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN**

Qualified Librarian required for the post of Assistant Librarian in the National Reference, Research, and Information Service, 100, Strand, London WC2R 0AL. Applications for the post of Assistant Librarian should be made to the Director of the Service, 100, Strand, London WC2R 0AL. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service in the National Reference, Research, and Information Service. The post is full-time, 37 hours per week, and the salary is £1,100 per annum. The successful candidate will be required to hold a University Degree and a Diploma in Library Studies.

**LIBRARIAN**

Qualified Librarian required for the post of Librarian in the National Reference, Research, and Information Service, 100, Strand, London WC2R 0AL. Applications for the post of Librarian should be made to the Director of the Service, 100, Strand, London WC2R 0AL. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service in the National Reference, Research, and Information Service. The post is full-time, 37 hours per week, and the salary is £1,100 per annum. The successful candidate will be required to hold a University Degree and a Diploma in Library Studies.

**THE LEEDS LIBRARY**

Applications for the post of Librarian in the Leeds Library should be made to the Director of the Library, Leeds City Council, Leeds. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service in the Leeds Library. The post is full-time, 37 hours per week, and the salary is £1,100 per annum. The successful candidate will be required to hold a University Degree and a Diploma in Library Studies.

**COUNTY BOROUGH OF LUTON**

Applications for the post of Librarian in the County Borough of Luton should be made to the Director of the Library, County Borough of Luton, Luton. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service in the County Borough of Luton. The post is full-time, 37 hours per week, and the salary is £1,100 per annum. The successful candidate will be required to hold a University Degree and a Diploma in Library Studies.

**THE MANCHESTER PUBLIC LIBRARIES**

Applications for the post of Librarian in the Manchester Public Libraries should be made to the Director of the Libraries, Manchester City Council, Manchester. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service in the Manchester Public Libraries. The post is full-time, 37 hours per week, and the salary is £1,100 per annum. The successful candidate will be required to hold a University Degree and a Diploma in Library Studies.

## Leeds Polytechnic

### Department of Librarianship

Lecturer I or II to teach principally Library Organisation (especially Academic Libraries) and Subject Bibliography.

Temporary Research Assistant (A/L Grade) to work on the development of a project on statistical techniques for the systematic provision of stock in Public Libraries.

Polytechnic Library Assistant Tutor-Librarian (Lecturer I Grade). Duties in the Technology Library with particular application to Mechanical and Production Engineering.

Salary Scale: Lecturer I £2,355 to £3,083. Lecturer II £1,500 to £2,887. Assistant Lecturer £1,160 to £2,404.

Details and application forms from the Academic Office, Leeds Polytechnic, Clarendon Street, Leeds LS1 3HE. Applications should be submitted to the Academic Office to arrive not later than 28 July 1972.

**MAIDENHEAD BOROUGH COUNCIL**

A new Central Library for Maidenhead and district is due for completion in October, 1972, and applications are invited for the following new posts: REFERENCE LIBRARIAN (A.P. 9 (£1,853-£1,932 p.a.)). Applicants should be Chartered Librarians with experience of reference library work.

**SENIOR ASSISTANTS (2 posts)**

Applicants should be Chartered Librarians but persons who have passed the Part 2 Examination of the Library Association and have suitable public library experience will be considered. Duties will include readers advisory work, cataloguing and taking charge of a grammophone record library. Salaries within the Librarian's scale, £1,140-£1,932 per annum.

Details of age, experience and qualifications, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Borough Librarian, Public Library, St. Ives Road, Maidenhead, Berks, not later than 31st July 1972.

Stanley Plett, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Maidenhead.

**THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER**

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. Applications for the post of Assistant Librarian should be made to the Director of the Library, The University of Manchester, Manchester. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service in the University of Manchester. The post is full-time, 37 hours per week, and the salary is £1,100 per annum. The successful candidate will be required to hold a University Degree and a Diploma in Library Studies.

**NORTH RISING COUNTY COUNCIL**

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, OALS. Applications for the post of Assistant Librarian should be made to the Director of the Library, North Rising County Council, North Rising. The successful candidate will be responsible for the library service in the North Rising County Council. The post is full-time, 37 hours per week, and the salary is £1,100 per annum. The successful candidate will be required to hold a University Degree and a Diploma in Library Studies.

## Archivists with the British Steel Corporation

### Two appointments to be made, one in London and one in Northamptonshire. They are both new posts; responsibility will be to the Corporation Archivist.

Applicants should hold a University Degree and a Diploma in Archive Administration.

**East Midlands Regional Archivist**

To take charge of a Regional Records Centre to be established in East Northamptonshire for the development of Records Management and Archive Administration in the Works and Offices of the Corporation in the East Midlands. A responsible position should have been held in an established Records Office. A current driving licence is necessary. (Ref. H.O.9)

**Senior Assistant Archivist**

For the development of Records Management and Archive Administration in the London Offices of the Corporation, and for other general assistance. Applicants should be already experienced. (Ref. H.O.10)

Further particulars may be had from the following address (please quote the appropriate reference): Personnel Manager, BRITISH STEEL CORPORATION, P.O. Box No. 403, Grovernor Place, London SW1X 7JG

**City of Belfast**

**LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT**

(a) Branch Librarians (2 positions). Applicants must be Chartered Librarians with appropriate experience. Salary £1,653-£2,199 per annum (under review).

(b) Senior Assistants (3 positions). Applicants must be qualified librarians or be awaiting the results of their final examinations. Salary £1,395-£1,932 per annum (under review).

(c) Senior Assistant Branch Librarian. Applicants should preferably be qualified librarians but those who have passed the Part 1 Library Association examination may apply. Salary £1,395-£1,932 per annum (under review).

Application forms and conditions of appointment obtainable from the City Librarian, Central Library, Royal Avenue, Belfast 1. Completed applications must be returned to the undersigned, P.O. Box 234, City Hall, Belfast, BT1 3GS, not later than 28th July 1972.

DAVID JAMISON, Town Clerk.

**Newcastle upon Tyne Polytechnic**

Elison Building, Elison Place, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE1 8ST. Required as soon as possible in the LIBRARY: Acquisitions Librarian (AP3/4). To be responsible for the organisation of book and periodical acquisition procedures under the supervision of the Technical Services Librarian.

## TECHNICAL INFORMATION OFFICER

### £3,500+

Nchange Consolidated Copper Mines Limited, Zambia's largest mining organisation, has a vacancy in its Technical Library Services Department, Kitwe. This provides technical information and library services to the four divisions of N.C.C.M. and their allied companies.

The successful candidate will be required to assist in the abstracting of technical literature; dealing with enquiries; preparing literature surveys and reports in the fields of mining, metallurgy and other branches of engineering. He will also assist in supervising library staff.

Applicants should have a recognised qualification in science or technology, with some previous experience in technical information work. A knowledge of the Universal Decimal Classification system would be an advantage. Persons with a reading knowledge of French and/or German, together with Membership of the Institute of Information Scientists, would be preferred. The Company plans to use a centralised IBM computer (360/85), therefore experience of modern methods of information retrieval would be useful.

Salary according to experience and qualifications will be from K6578 (£3506 sterling equivalent) gross per annum. Additional benefits include: Cash Settling-in Allowance; Company housing with basic furniture; Children's Education and Education Travel Allowances; Generous leave; Excellent medical facilities; Free life assurance; Return paid passage.

Income tax is lower than in the U.K. and Exchange Control Regulations allow for the externalisation of up to 33% of gross income. The sunny climate of Zambia, the full social opportunities, together with many sporting and cultural activities provide for a satisfying life. Applicants should write for an application form to: Anglo Charter International Services Limited, (Appointments Division), Dept. A022, 7 Rolle Buildings, London EC4A 1HX.

**Somerset**

**School Librarians**

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for posts of SCHOOL LIBRARIAN at: King Alfred School, Burnham-on-Sea (930 on roll); Holyrood School, Cherd (900 on roll); Broadlands School, Keynham (850 on roll); Worle School, Weston-super-Mare (900 on roll); Wyveln School, Weston-super-Mare (1,100 on roll).

Librarians wanted who are keen to develop the library service and to make a full contribution to the successful running of these comprehensive schools.

Salary scale A.P.3 £1,853-£1,932. Lodging allowance and removal expenses payable in approved cases. Application forms and further details obtainable from Chel Education Officer (Stell N.T.), County Hall, Teuton. Completed forms should be sent to the Headmasters of the schools concerned within two weeks of this advertisement.

**LIBRARIAN**

£2616 - £3024

The services provided by the Intelligence Section at Council Headquarters include a full library and bibliographical service. The Librarian will be responsible to the Head of the Section for the day to day running of the library, involving purchasing, processing and classification of publications. The post requires close integration with the rest of the Section's work, as well as co-operation with other departments of Council Headquarters.

Applicants should preferably be Chartered Librarians and have had suitable professional experience in an industrial library. Write, giving full personal and career details and quoting TLS/92/72 by 21st July to: Howard Bussay, Personnel Officer.

**the electricity council**

## Can you set up and run your own Information Department?

Career opportunity for an experienced girl, 22-30, to set up and run an information department for an international chemical company situated in North London. You will index, file and issue material relating to our role as market leaders.

Well-educated, self-reliant and with initiative, you will have had not less than three years with a similar advertising agency department, company information section or commercial library.

Commencing salary will be up to £1,500 per annum depending upon experience, plus worthwhile fringe benefits. Write with career to date, to John Howard, Diversey Limited, Cockfosters Road, Cockfosters, Herts.

**BOOKS AND PRINTS**

A bookbinder from Aberdeen writes: "A regular space in the TLS produces a steady flow of enquiries, a most satisfactory number of which results in purchases."

Proof of the pulling power of the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Times Library Supplement. Are you using them too? The rates are 35p a line or £5.50 for a single column inch and pro rata.

For further particulars, please apply to: Charlotte Coulson, T.L.S. Printing House Square, London, EC4P 4DE. Tel. 238 2000, ext. 280.

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**LIBRARIANS**

**BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL**

**BRISTOL**

**CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY**

**HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL**

**IPSWICH CIVIC COLLEGE**

**KING'S COLLEGE LONDON**

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**KING'S COLLEGE LONDON**

**LEEDS POLYTECHNIC**

**MANCHESTER**

**MAIDENHEAD BOROUGH COUNCIL**

**NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE**

**NOTTINGHAM**

**OXFORD**

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**SOMERSET**

**SOMERSET**